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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

THE great military event since our last issue has been the victorious British advance north of the Somme. It began at the end of last week, and was made on a front of six miles between the Albert-Bapaume road (south-east of Thiepval) and the Bois de Bouleaux (between Ginchy and Combles). All the high ground in front of our former line was taken, and we finally occupied the villages of Courcellette (about two miles almost due east of Thiepval), Martinpuich, and Flers. The advance reached an average of a mile, and at various points nearly two miles. At the beginning it gave us the whole of the long-contested "High Wood" and a series of trenches called by the Germans the "Wunderwerk." We then captured the Moquet Farm and the "Donauwerk," south and south-east of Thiepval, and at the other end of the line, north of Combles and on the Morval road between Ginchy and the Bois de Bouleaux, we at last seized the powerful position called the "Quadrilateral." Heavy rain then interrupted the operations, but we continue to hold our advanced positions, many guns (including five heavy howitzers) were captured, and we made nearly 5,000 prisoners. Sir Douglas Haig describes the result as of great importance—"probably the most effective blow which has yet been dealt to the enemy by British troops."

OUR success was partly due to new engines of war, which for the present we must call land ships. They were at first known as "tanks," but the name was due to the accident that their place of construction was called the Tank Dépôt so as to deceive the enemy. They are, in reality, huge armored cars, moved by their own

engines, and fitted, we must suppose, with enormous "caterpillar" wheels, which enable them to move over the roughest ground, pitted with shell-holes, to crush wire-entanglements, smash through woods, and even stride across the enemy's trenches. Mine-craters alone seem more than they can tackle, and a direct hit from a heavy shell seems the only thing they fear. Ordinary shrapnel, machine-gun, and rifle fire leave them unaffected. Two or three have been temporarily put out of action by breakdown of machinery or steering. But their real purpose of acting against machine-guns (that most deadly weapon of modern war) and so making the advance of infantry possible, has evidently been for the most part achieved. Sir Douglas Haig speaks well of them. A German Chief-of-Staff describes them as being "as cruel as effective" (how more cruel than poison-gas or liquid-flame we cannot say).

THE French south of our line on the Somme have maintained and improved their great advance of last week. They began by pressing forward south-east of Combles so as to isolate that German salient further, and captured important trench positions near Le Priez Farm and Rancourt. South of the Somme they succeeded, after fierce struggles, in completely occupying Berny, Deniécourt, and Vermandovillers, whence they continued to push forward towards Ablaincourt, until the rain checked movement in this part of the line also. But, in spite of the weather, the enemy made a tremendous counter-attack on Wednesday, in the hope of regaining the stretch of Peronne-Bapaume road, crossed and held by the French last week. The contest raged from morning till night, especially around Rancourt and Bouchavesnes, which the Germans actually re-entered for a time. Finally, however, they were driven out by a gallant counter-charge with the bayonet, and the French maintained their positions along the new line. Both British and French aeroplanes have done the highest service during these days of desperate battle, but, owing apparently to the severe weather, five British aeroplanes failed to return, and one has been lost since.

IN the Near East, at the end of last week, an Allied force, made up of French, Russian, and Serbian troops based on Salonika, began a rapid and successful advance from Lake Ostrovo district up the railway line towards Monastir. Having occupied the medicinal wells at Ekshisu, they pushed up the Banitza Pass by which the railway and main road rise to the high and wet plateau of Florina and Monastir, the main source of the Cherna river. They occupied Florina, the last Greek town on this frontier, important in itself, and as the starting-point of a practicable pass to Kastoria, and another to Koritza, where it would be possible to unite with an Italian force advancing through Albania. The Bulgarians are reported to have retreated in confusion over the Greco-Serbian frontier to Monastir, where the railway ends.

RUMOR says the Allies are now threatening Monastir, a central point, though much reduced since it came into Serbian hands three years ago. Thence

the Roman high road runs west to Ochrida, Elbasan, and Durazzo, and another road passes north-east through Prilep to Koprulu (Veles), from which point Uskub can be reached and all enemy positions on the Cherna river and the Vardar southward outflanked. It was by this route that the Bulgars advanced to the capture of Monastir last winter, and if General Sarraill intends to fight up the Vardar through Serbia, the value of the whole movement is obvious. On the Struma and Doiran fronts, apart from bombardment and reconnaissance, nothing important has occurred. But our Fleet has declared a blockade of the Greek coast from the mouth of the Struma (Gulf of Orfano) to the mouth of the Mestos (Bulgarian frontier), thus shutting off Kavalla.

WITH Kavalla is connected one of the strangest episodes of the whole war. Last Saturday a Berlin official telegram announced that the Fourth Greek Army Corps (about 25,000 men, under Colonel Hadjopoulos, commanding at Kavalla) had begged the "German Chief Army Command" to protect them from the pressure of the *Entente*. The excuse was fear of starvation and illness because the Bulgars were along the Struma and the British held the sea. The request was granted, and "to prevent any violation of neutrality," the troops were transported, fully armed and equipped "as neutrals," to "a place of refuge" in Germany, apparently Görlitz, on the Saxon-Silesian frontier, where "they will enjoy the privileges of guests until their country is evacuated by the *Entente* intruders." This amazing action seems to have roused indignation even in the Athenian Court. We hear of an urgent Note addressed by King Constantine to his German brother-in-law, and of demands that the Greek troops should be at once returned through Switzerland. It appears that Colonel Hadjopoulos was ordered to transfer his corps by arrangement with the Allied Fleet to Volo, and that he deliberately disobeyed, or else submitted to the Germans, who devised this pretty scheme of obtaining hostages for Greek behavior.

In Sir Douglas Haig's bulletin, published on Thursday morning, the following passage occurs. We are told that a captured document, signed by General von Falkenhayn while Chief of the German General Staff, and dated August 24th, is to this effect:—

"The wastage of guns in the last few months has been considerably in excess of the production. The same is true of ammunition in our reserves, of which there has been a serious diminution. It is the duty of all ranks—not only in the artillery—to endeavour to remedy this serious state of things.

"All ranks must make the most serious endeavor to assist in the preservation of material as indicated above, for otherwise the making good of losses and the placing of new formations in the field will be rendered impossible."

This is perhaps the most hopeful sign in a generally hopeful week.

As last week, the only unsatisfactory or dubious news comes from Roumania. In the Dobrudja, the Roumanian and Russian force has been strongly attacked by a mixed German and Bulgarian Army under Mackensen and compelled to retire upon the line R. sova-Tuzla, from the Danube to the Black Sea. The object is to defend the railway from Bucharest to the main port at Constanza, and especially the great bridge, nearly three miles long, built by Sir John Hartley at Tchernavoda over the Danube and its marshes. The line appears to be well chosen and carefully fortified. It is crossed by only one main road through the swampy Dobrudja—the road from Dobritch to Medjidia on the railway. Though attacked at two or three points,

especially at Enigea, west of the road, the Roumanians, with reinforcements, are holding their own securely, and the German bulletin describes the fighting as "at a standstill." On the Carpathian front, the Roumanian force entering Transylvania through the southernmost or Vulcan Pass, encountered strong opposition in the Merisor defile north-west of Petrosény, and was compelled to withdraw south of the latter town. This rather supports the supposition that Hindenburg's contemplated stroke on the Eastern front will be aimed at Roumania first.

IN Galicia, north of the Carpathians, violent fighting is reported from both sides around Halicz, which commands the Dniester and the approach to Lemberg (Lwow). As to results, the reports flatly contradict each other, but, telegraphing to the "Times" last Sunday, Mr. Stanley Washburn described the Russians as victorious on the Narajowka, a tributary north of the Dniester, and advancing close to the railway station, which stands on the north, or left, bank of the main river, opposite the town. He also notices a large replacement of Austrians by German divisions. All through this district there are, besides, strong divisions of Turks, brought from Gallipoli since our evacuation. The Italians have renewed their offensive on the Lower Isonzo, and advanced further into the desolate limestone plateau of the Carso, crossing the long depression called the Vallone, in spite of terrific storms. The movement brings them considerably nearer Trieste, though the boast of being at the gates may be premature.

THE Greek crisis is rather delayed than solved, we imagine, by the formation of a Ministry under M. Kalogeropoulos, the leader of the Theotokist group in the Chamber. It is composed chiefly of his partisans, and while its views are anti-Venizelist and more or less pro-German, its only real significance is that since it has to "make the elections" it may be presumed that it will, by the familiar methods of Greek (and indeed of all South European) politicians, produce an anti-Venizelist majority. If a Venizelist majority be desired, the only known expedient in these latitudes is to make a Venizelist Minister of the Interior. For these reasons the *Entente* Embassies have refused to recognize the new Ministry, and there is again talk of a partial blockade. Eventually, we suppose, the necessary pressure will produce an election under the desired auspices, and a Venizelist majority will duly emerge.

THE omens which American experts draw from the result of the "primaries" in New York are favorable to the Republicans. At these preliminary contests, each party chooses its nominees, and the evidence goes to show that the Progressives went back to their Republican allegiance. Mr. Hughes meanwhile strikes no positive note of his own in constructive policy. He concentrates on honest administration, and attacks the Democratic record. But, save for his firm and bold declaration for woman suffrage (a far more helpful attitude than Mr. Wilson's tepid and inert support), he seems to be a curiously colorless candidate. On Foreign Policy he has struck out no line at all of his own, and is quite satisfied with neutrality as a policy. None the less, he has the support both of the German and of the pro-Ally Roosevelt vote. The hopeful feature of the campaign is that Mr. Wilson's policy of a League of Peace has escaped criticism, and has indeed been so decidedly endorsed by Mr. Hughes that it ranks to-day as a national American policy.

THE last fortnight has seen a continuous stream of War Office scandals, gravely affecting the competence, judgment, and honesty of various parts of its organization. The abuses of contracts affect the Clothing Department, and we are afraid point to a system rather than a casual outbreak of corruption. As Lord Cromer points out, the contractor admitted that the giving of high commissions was usual. The swindling was of the most audacious description, and included not only exorbitant prices, but fraudulent invoices. Thus, to take one example, the clerk Asseling contrived that his office should only get 7,500 razors, when it had paid (at exorbitant rates) for 16,000, and 5,000 for 8,000. The evidence showed hopelessly bad ideas of business, under which dishonesty hid itself. Thus there was an elaborate pretence of checking and control, but no official of high character and corresponding salary in charge of this function. A wretched man, with a salary of £200, was able to make £1,500 in eight months. The "Times" excuses the military element; but these scandals are clearly due to want of brains, business experience, and *nous* on its part. The War Office has been prescribing freely for various evils in the State: it may be recommended to heal itself.

It is very clear that the authorities must act quickly and vigorously if the treatment of conscientious objectors is not to become a serious menace to Army discipline. Parliament, the final authority in the land, has decided to recognize the conscientious objector. Most people think the decision wise and just; some resent it. But there it is. Unfortunately, some Military Tribunals do not carry out the spirit of the Act, and they insist on turning some of these men into the Army. That is, they throw upon the military authorities a task which can only embarrass and impede their proper work. How is it carried out? The "Manchester Guardian" printed on Wednesday a truly disgusting account of the treatment which a conscientious objector is alleged to have received in a public park in Birkenhead. He was flung about, kicked, and pummelled for some hours, and the spectators who presumably were not prejudiced in favor of a man holding opinions that are regarded as eccentric, were revolted, as any Englishman would be, by the spectacle. The Liverpool Trades Council has sent a strongly worded protest on the subject.

THE matter clearly cannot rest there. This man either was or was not a soldier. If he was not a soldier, then nobody had a right to give him orders. If he was, he enjoyed a status recognized and approved in the Army Act and King's Regulations. That is, the punishments which can be imposed on him are graduated and defined. A Commanding Officer may inflict certain punishments for certain offences. There are other punishments which can only be inflicted by a court martial, and the punishment inflicted by a court martial, it must be remembered, has to be confirmed by a superior authority. The observance of these conditions is obviously essential if a soldier is not to be exposed to sheer licence of cruelty and injustice. What, then, of the scene in Birkenhead Park? It bears no relation to justice or discipline. Who tried this soldier? Who sentenced him? It is like a scene in some school where discipline has gone to pieces, and a number of bullies have got the upper hand. Is that the proper model for an army? It is clearly the duty of the authorities to examine these allegations, and, if they are found to have substance, to send the responsible officer before a court-martial. It is the tolerance of this kind of spirit of anarchy that produces such crimes as

the murder of Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington. In the interests of the Army drastic measures must be taken to see that the essential conditions of discipline are preserved.

THE negotiations between the railway directors and the railwaymen, which were not proceeding too smoothly at the end of last week, have been brought, by Mr. Runciman's quiet but effective intervention, to a satisfactory conclusion. It was agreed, on Wednesday, that the 5s. bonus granted to men over eighteen by the terms of the agreement made last October, should be raised to 10s., and the bonus of 2s. 6d. to boys under eighteen should be raised to 5s. Nobody can complain that this is an excessive increase, for railway wages were scandalously low before the war, and the additions made since the war have not kept pace with the rise in prices. The men's demand, from the first, has been addressed primarily to the control of prices, and it is important to remember that resentment and discontent on this ground have been the main motives of all wage agitations during the war. Dr. Shadwell, who was inclined not long ago to think that the poor consumer's case was a good deal exaggerated, wrote to the "Times" on Tuesday calling for Government action. Action there has been in the shape of a Government control or "cornering" of the imports of wheat, sugar, and meat; but even Governments cannot make war shortage good.

It was pointed out in these columns long ago that the difficulties surrounding many departments of the problem of controlling prices did not apply to the case of coal. In the spring of last year a Committee investigated the question of coal prices, and recommended drastic action if the milder measures suggested failed to bring down prices. This Committee urged that if it should prove to be necessary the Government should assume control of the output and arrange for distribution. This policy should have been followed a year ago, and it is officially now under serious consideration, for Lord Milner is understood to be negotiating with mineowners and miners on the question. Of course, the details are all-important in any such scheme. The country is in no mood to stand much more of the scandalous profit-making which has been so sad a feature of the war, and any arrangement must be scrutinized closely, or we may find ourselves saddled with a scheme for inflating private profits at the expense of the nation and of labor.

MR. WALTER LONG made an important speech on Wednesday to a deputation representing the National Congress on Home Problems after the war, which urged the setting aside of twenty millions for the preparation of housing schemes. The deputation pointed out that there was a serious deficiency of houses before the war. Mr. Long, in reply described this as the most important and most pressing of all post-war tasks. "To let the men who were enduring so much at the front go from a water-logged and horrible trench to something little better than a pig-sty here would be criminal." Twenty millions were not even an index of what might be required. Mr. Long went on to make the very satisfactory announcement that plans were already under discussion in the Government Departments, and that no effort would be spared to secure that all preparations were made for a comprehensive scheme. This is the right spirit for the nation. We will add a suggestion. Every town will wish to set up some memorial for its local heroes after the war. Why should not this memorial take the form, not of some allegorical monument, but of a really bold and carefully considered piece of town planning?

Politics and Affairs.

DEMOCRACY AND WAR.

No British citizen who loves liberty will seek to check the instinctive flow of sympathy he feels for France when her Prime Minister, in his impassioned review of the horrors of the German invasion, declares that France awaits not peace, but deliverance. We do not know the character of the Socialist interpellation to which M. Briand's speech was a reply. So far as we are aware, no French Socialist has declared for terms with Germany short of the liberation of French soil, or would negotiate a peace with a foe planted before Verdun or in the defiles of the Argonne. Ten French provinces, rich in production and historic interest, and indispensable to the unity of the nation, lie under German occupation. Within the investing lines, thousands of French men, women, and children have been torn from their homes and disposed of, by forced labor, according to their captors' will. So long as these conditions hold, the most compact as well as the most refined factor in European civilization is subject to violence, division, and disorganization. What can we do—we whose country is safe so long as the British Navy remains in being—but bind ourselves irrevocably to the emancipating effort? And what has that part of Germany to say which tends slowly to turn in disillusionment from a war of ambition? Germany fights for her "existence," says the Crown Prince. No; she fights because she denies existence to others. She suffers in the process. Louder and louder, if we may judge from the diaries and letters of German soldiers, grows the volume of complaint of the agonies of fear and privation endured by them under the growing magnitude of the Allied attack in the West. Let Germany sink the over-mastering egotism that hides from view the panorama of devastation of which her invading armies are the makers, and reflect that these miseries are inflicted by French soldiers (and their Allies) defending what is left of their homesteads in some of the most characteristic parts of France. Let her strike her camps on the Somme and betake herself to the Rhine, to land which is indubitably her own. Then France and we can talk to her.

Thus far, therefore, we lovers of peace are in the region of hard, ineluctable fact. By force of arms, by superiority in numbers, by the decline in Germany's moral, which is the Nemesis of her culture of violence, by better leadership, by the working of higher and more rational ideas of State life than the Germans possess, and by the sympathy they excite among neutrals, and especially in the greatest of the neutral States, we expect to break the Teutonic will and impose our own. But the condition of this victory is that, having attained it, we should not substitute for the declared ends of the war, which were conservative ends so far as State liberties were concerned and liberal ends so far as they touched the future government of Europe, a war conceived as a replacement of one set of Imperial ambitions by another. We repudiate any such change of moral aim. We say, for example, that we do not desire either the kind of Europe that Napoleon would have fixed in 1810 or that the Allies fixed in 1815. As soon as we definitely know—as we ought to know by the end of the autumn in Western Europe—that Germany's scheme of aggressive militarism has been defeated, the governing anxiety of democratic statesmanship should be to assure ourselves of an after-war society in which peace and freedom may prevail. To such an issue two results of the war would, we think, be inimical. The first would be the victory or the half-victory of Germany. Any

settlement concluded under the shadow of such a calamity must revert to the armed peace. Not only the armaments but the politics of the countries grouped under the Entente would then largely be subject to military direction. But there would be another path to a rule of autocratic militarism after the war. That would be a war prolonged under a wide plan of subjugation, based on the disarmament of Germany *alone*, and then continued in the shape of an organized economic struggle. Force must be the master of this conception of State life also. With what results? The governments directing it in France and England, and still more in Russia, must be hard, unsympathetic, repressive, enemies of ideas. But they would be all-powerful. The wealth, the labor, the moral energies, the fabric and appliances of industry and enterprise, nay, the characteristic thought and religion of the peoples, would be subject to their surveillance. All must be subordinate to the maintenance of the new balance of power, the securing of the fruits of conquest against Germany's effort to reclaim them. The more pacifist and democratic parties—Liberals, Laborists, Socialists—feeling themselves unable to direct policy or affect administration, would slip more and more into the revolutionary thinking and attitude of their predecessors in 1848. Internationalism, leading up to a movement for universal disarmament, forbidden in State policy, would appear among the peoples. In the end they would win. All governments would be hated, for their characteristic marks would be high taxation, universal conscription, and an inquisitorial bureaucracy.

Now we have hope that this war after war may finally be avoided. And for one reason among others. If the peace is good, firm, honest, and fair, there should be set up among the peoples—and in Germany first of all—a resolve to make an end of the great enemy of European democracy, which is conscription. With us there should be no great difficulty. Our returning armies will, we are convinced, vote against it, for the idea of a life of soldiering will be the most distasteful that can well be presented to these war-weary men. It is militarism at home, armed with its existing weapon of forced service, of which we are afraid, of its weakening influence on the tone of our society, and of the way in which it increasingly masters the principles and even the instincts of civil statesmanship. What would the nation have thought of the war if two years ago they had been told that, as one of its fruits, soldiers would be "rounding up" blameless citizens in the streets by the thousand and publicly torturing men with a "conscientious objection" to military service? Both these things are, we believe, as much against law, military or civil, as they are against public policy. But that has not prevented them from occurring, nor have we avoided a general invasion of the ideas of liberty and democracy under whose banners the country entered the war. These are signs of a divided spirit in the nation. Still united in the prosecution of the war, it is becoming disunited as to the way of pursuing it and the ends to be sought from it. One party wants us in its heart to remain a liberal, moderating Power. Another, fighting Prussianism, rapidly absorbs its spirit, and even disimproves on its method. Which is to win? Is our freedom to perish in the effort to give freedom to others? We live by our free spirit more than by our stock of ideas. But that may be lost by unfaithfulness to the genius of our people. The British Constitution is so loose, and its forms are so variable, that with all the will in the world we may find great difficulty in restoring the liberties we are in process of surrendering. With Parliament under a Coalition, trade unionism in suspense, the

Press and free speaking under censure, the forces of resistance may seem even weaker than they are. But there is something left. We gave ourselves up to war largely because we thought that there was a danger of the drill-sergeant becoming the master of Europe, not in order to make him master of us. We remain British folk, and what we yielded under the pressure of a national crisis we shall want back again, with ample interest for what was taken from us without sufficient cause and with no leave asked.

THE ECONOMIC MIRACLE.

ANY man who two years ago had suggested that this country could remove some four million men from their ordinary occupations and put them into the fighting forces, where they cost nearly £300 a head to keep, and put two million more into munitions, while at the same time maintaining the whole civil population at a somewhat higher standard of consumption than before, would have been called a lunatic. Yet this is what we seem to be doing. Apart from munitions, we appear to be producing a stream of material consumable goods as large as before the war, and to be distributing it more equally among the different classes of the community. It is hardly possible to deny the general prevalence of working-class 'prosperity.' It is asserted positively in the evidence of improved consumption in most working-class communities, negatively in the decline of the poor-law relief, feeding of school children, and other measures of distress. This general statement is, of course, quite consistent with the admission that many people, some whole classes, have been heavily damaged by war-prices. When a whole family is dependent on the wages of a single member, excepting in a few branches of munitions and other war trades, the purchasing power of the family income has fallen. Even where wage-rates have risen, they have seldom risen enough to compensate the rise of food prices, particularly in the unskilled industries where so large a proportion of wages is spent in food. 'Prosperity,' therefore, is mostly explained by overtime and full employment for all members of the family capable of work. The actual price of labor in terms of consumable wealth has fallen, the greater command of wealth is purchased by a more than equivalent output of effort per family. This explains why renewed demands for higher wages are being pressed, especially by men like railway workers on time-wages. Even the full demand for 15s. more than at the beginning of the war does not compensate a 30s. man for a rise in general prices exceeding 50 per cent. If he has a wife or children working, he is better off; but if the family depends entirely on his earnings, this is not the case. The admitted fact of general prosperity, therefore, means that, of the population available for civil employment the number per family in actual work is considerably raised, that work where possible is speeded up and much overtime is used. To this it should be added that, partly by suspension of union rules, partly by sheer pressure of demand, large numbers of unskilled or untrained workers have been rapidly adapted to skilled and relatively well-paid work. This is the most obvious explanation of what seems at first sight an economic miracle, namely, the maintenance of the output of material consumable goods after a full third of the adult male labor of the nation has been removed from the status of producers into that of mere consumers. Certain other factors, of course, must be borne in mind. Though the material consumption of the nation is well preserved and perhaps increased, non-material services, especially in distribution

and in transport, have been considerably curtailed. Probably at least a million men have been squeezed out of these services, involving, however, no corresponding injury because a great proportion of these workers meant wasteful duplication and excessive competition. There is a good deal of letting down of plant and fixed capital, by failure to repair roads, buildings, vehicles, and machinery, and stocks of materials in many cases have been greatly reduced. To that extent we are living on our capital, an expensive proceeding in all cases, and dangerous if it lasts a long time.

The goods we bring in from America in excess of seen and unseen exports, by selling securities and raising sums on credit, may be set off in part against the even larger stores of munitions and clothes we furnish to our Allies. The net result of these considerations is to show that so long as we are able to keep up the tremendous strain of industrial production, we can go on supporting the huge consumption of the war upon its present level, with an adequate maintenance of the remaining civil population.

Assuming this diagnosis to be substantially correct, what light does it shed upon the two demands immediately before us—the demand of large bodies of workers for higher wages to compensate the higher prices, and the demand of the Army authorities and the 'Daily Mail' for 'more men'? The apparent ease with which both men and money have been hitherto forthcoming encourages shallow minds to suppose that there is no limit to supplies of either. Now, so far as money is concerned, there is no limit, upon two conditions: first, that the Government and the banks between them are prepared to go on printing money and inflating the currency; secondly (and this is seriously urged by 'The Statist'), that the country takes the grave step of suspending the free market for gold which has hitherto been the sheet-anchor of our national finance. This latter step would be almost inevitable if inflation were carried much further. Now, those who urge the Government to concede all these labor demands without large increases of taxation, are virtually forcing on us a further inflation of the currency. For the increased loans from bankers and others to meet the enlarged Governmental expenses will enlarge the volume of bank deposits, which will flow out week by week in larger aggregates of wages. This enlarged stream of purchasing power will be employed to provide a supply of commodities no larger than before (for the productive power and the output of the nation is virtually at its maximum). Therefore a further rise of prices must ensue. Thus, by a vicious circle, the effort of labor to improve real wages would be frustrated. There would be a continued rise of prices and a continued rise of wages with the vain object of overtaking it.

The process of raising the military age, or 'combing out' more younger men, would lead to an even more perilous result, unless it can be shown that enough women can be drafted into industry, not merely to replace the men thus taken out, but to produce a new stock of goods equivalent to the £300 per annum which each of the additional soldiers will cost the country. Is there any reason to suppose that this spare labor is available? And is the Government prepared to apply industrial compulsion to bring it into use? In any case, the total expenditure upon the Army would be raised without any equivalent increase in the real income of the country, probably with a decrease in this income. This would once more compel the Government to employ one or other of the crooked methods of finance which means inflation. In a word, it is not merely a question of finding men who can be 'combed out.' It is also a question

of increasing the output of real wealth (reduced by the very fact of combing out) so as to furnish the new fighting units thus obtained with the increased munitions, clothes and food which they will require. Does the Chancellor of the Exchequer believe that this can be done?

THE WASTED YEARS.

ANYONE who watches a number of town recruits at drill and then turns to look at a group of officers will see at once a literal and striking illustration of Disraeli's dictum about the two natures. He understands, at a glance, what a difference it makes whether a man comes from the class that enjoys fresh air, healthy games, and good food from boyhood to manhood, or whether it has been his lot to work during the years of adolescence in exhausted air, with deficient nourishment, and under conditions that arrest development and produce nervous fatigue. Men belonging to the first class who went into the ranks of our New Army were struck by the difficulty which recruits who had come from the mill or the counter found in enduring the strain of a long route march or a hard day's work in the field in the early days of training. It was not merely that muscles which had never been used were being brought into play for the first time, as happens when one learns to ride a bicycle or a horse. There was a general sense of disability which weakened and almost overcame the will: the kind of insufficiency that is to be expected in men or youths who have been living habitually on their nervous energy, when they are confronted with a long and grinding task and cannot find any stimulus to sustain them in their surroundings. In the great story of England's effort, no small part of the credit must go to the pain and struggle with which these men have conquered the terrible legacy of their youth and turned themselves into strong and able soldiers. For to the depressing and accusing spectacle of great numbers of men whose bodies have been cramped and enfeebled by an industrial system which exploited their growing years, there comes a sequel. Probably never in the history of the world has it happened that a great part of a nation has improved its physical standard so rapidly. In whole battalions of Lancashire recruits the uniforms that were issued on enlistment have been exchanged since for larger sizes, and the people of the districts where the new armies have been billeted have remarked the extraordinary change that has come over these soldiers with a few months of open air and good food.

The war has brought home to most of us a sense of guilt and shame in regard to this dreadful waste of the vigor and the happiness of the race. It is therefore to a people awakened as it has never been before, that Sir George Newman appeals in his annual report to the Board of Education published last week; for he speaks to a people agreed that no self-respecting nation can go back after this war to the state of things which makes the proper development of the body and mind the luxury of a small and privileged class. This reparation at least we will make to the thousands to whom their country had given nothing and from whom she has taken their all. It shall never again be said that it is not until they are needed for the terrible uses of war that any care is taken of the mass of the youth of the country. And providence for the future urges the same truth. Some, indeed, are thinking of the soldiers of the future, others of the workmen of the future; others, again, of the citizens of the future; but all who are thinking at all realize that we have to make whatever sacrifices are necessary to secure the conditions of a healthy and

vigorous life and growth to all classes. We have had warnings and instructions enough. The Board of Education has reminded us in its excellent literature on Physical Training that the training of the body is part of the training of the mind, having an important relation to the actual development of the brain. We have had a report on Playgrounds which shows how miserably inadequate is the provision made at present for the children in the elementary schools. We have had reports from the Consultative Committee on Continuation Schools which warn us that the tendency to exploit childhood and youth is actually increasing, and that there are signs that the factory system is beginning to seize on the improved human material turned out by the modern elementary school. We know from the same authority that it could be affirmed six years ago that "not more than 5 per cent. of the youthful portion of the industrial population was touched by anything in the shape of recreative agency." And now comes Sir George Newman's Report, which warns us that the war has made the immediate problem more urgent than ever, for the special conditions have taken some fifty thousand children, on a modest estimate, out of the schools at an abnormally early age. Lastly, a most important conclusion has now been established by experience. It is this. The best material for an army is not produced by military drill. What is wanted in young men is the full development of their limbs and minds, giving carriage, tone, muscle, and readiness. Military drill kills interest and spirit in boys; it becomes wearisome and monotonous. Routine drill is necessary in an army, but it puts the finishing and not the creative touches. It is not educational in itself, for in some sense it tends to cramp the mind; nor is it the best means of training eye or hand or muscle. If, therefore, we want to produce men who will make good soldiers quickly, we cannot do better than give them a generous and well-considered system of physical training in adolescence, in which marching, drill, and rifle drill would be a very subordinate element. In the Army, it must be remembered, Swedish exercises are an important part of military training. Hence, whether we are fearing war in the future or preparing for peace in the future, wisdom and prudence call for the same measures.

It was commonly said before the war, when this or that reform was proposed, that the taxpayer could not stand it, or industry could not stand it, or public opinion was not ready for it. The war has shown us how hollow many of these objections were, how timidly we had estimated our powers and resources, and it has brought home to us the sovereign importance of the quality of a nation's life. We cannot repeat that mistake to-day. "If we are determined to rear a healthy and virile race, of high capacity," says Sir George Newman, "we must, from a physical standpoint, begin earlier and continue later than the hitherto accepted period of education. What is needed, indeed, is an effective supervision and a sound practical training of the body from the end of infancy to adolescence. It is said sometimes that, in the interest of economy, the State cannot afford such a complete scheme. My submission is that, in the interest of economy, the State cannot afford to neglect a complete scheme." That is the spirit in which the nation has to face its future. We count our youth with feverish anxiety to-day, for our boys of eighteen are not the property of this or that employer, or the disused and discarded instruments of this or that wasteful trade, but the arm of a nation fighting for its life. How shall we think of them to-morrow? Will we think of them again as van-boys, errand boys, piercers' or riveters' boys in whom the nation takes no interest, for whom it feels no concern, for whom school life and its

games and its ambitions come to an end as soon as an employer can find a use for their fingers or their muscles. Or shall we think of our youth as boys and girls, the promise of men and women, whose minds and bodies no nation can afford to squander? On the answer to that question it depends whether democracy can win those greater battles for which civilization has to prepare on larger playing-fields than those of Eton, an Army which is not a class but a whole people.

INDUSTRIAL RECONSTRUCTION.—III.

LONG before the war, we were familiar with the complaints of employers against trade unionism on the ground that the unions restricted output. This real or alleged feature in trade union rules caught hold of the public imagination to the exclusion of all else, until, in the minds of many quite well-meaning persons, trade unionism came to be regarded as being simply a check on production, a wanton interference by the workmen with industrial efficiency. A little has perhaps been done to clear away the misconception; but it is still so prevalent that it is very necessary to explain precisely what trade union regulations are, if the general public is to look with favorable eyes on the demand that they should be restored.

Those who cherish the belief that trade unionism is a monstrous conspiracy for the restriction of output will search the whole literature of the Labor movement almost in vain for anything that will lend support to their view. Every trade union has an elaborate code of rules for the guidance of its members, and many unions have additional local bye-laws for each district. But the whole of this vast mass of industrial legislation contains hardly a word regarding restriction of output. Our attention is centred now on the engineering industry, and charges of restricting output are continually brought against the mechanic. Yet one might seek in vain through the whole mass of engineering trade union rules for a word about the subject. There are certain rules governing the working of piece-work and the premium bonus system; but even these are of the most general description, and, as a rule, go little further than to safeguard for the piece-worker his hourly and weekly rate of wages.

Restore the whole of trade union rules to-morrow, and you will restore hardly a single rule which has for its object the limitation of output.

But where there is so much smoke, it will be said there must surely be at least some fire. If the trade union rules which directly restrict output are few or none, what is it that employers mean, when they maintain so vehemently that trade unions do restrict output? In answering this question, we shall also be giving a rough description of the control which trade unions have exerted over industry in the past and of the type of regulation which the Government and the employers are pledged to restore.

The answer is twofold. There are actual trade union rules which, in the employers' opinion, have the effect of restricting output indirectly; and, besides, there are unwritten workshop customs which have this effect directly.

To the skilled trade unionist, his skill is in the nature of a monopoly. He has continually before him the fear of unemployment, or of sinking into the gulf of unskilled and underpaid labor beneath him. He is jealous of his craft, not only because he sees in it an honorable calling, but also because it alone stands between him and poverty or destitution. Less than the lawyers and the doctors,

but still with a tenacity born of necessity, he clings to the privileges which he and his fellow-craftsmen have won by their united efforts. In order that he may find full employment and shelter himself from what he regards as unfair competition, and also in order that the status of his craft may be preserved, he resents, and obstructs where he can, the entry of outsiders who have not passed through the apprenticeship or received the training which he has received. In fact, he tries to confine his profession to qualified men, just as the middle-class professionals seek to confine theirs. The placing of an unqualified man on a machine of which he has had the monopoly is to him what a brief in the hands of an outsider would be to a barrister, or what an uncertificated teacher is to a qualified teacher. The status of his craft means much to him, and naturally he takes action in order to protect it.

Secondly, the skilled craftsman resents the encroachment of other crafts upon his own. He does this, partly from an innate conservatism, partly from a feeling of possession and pride in his craft, but most of all from the fear that, if he allows such encroachments, there will be less work for himself and his fellows, and he will run the risk of unemployment. As the barrister keeps out the solicitor, and *vice versa*, the fitter keeps his craft inviolate from the plumber, or the shipwright his from the joiner.

Thirdly, when new inventions are introduced and machinery becomes automatic, the craftsman does not willingly give place to the semi-skilled or unskilled worker. He sees himself being gradually ousted from his monopoly, driven into the ranks of the unskilled, walking the streets workless, and, in self-defence, he seeks to confine the operation of the new machine to those who operated the old one.

That, in all these cases, his action is perfectly natural it is impossible to deny. It is true that the craftsman's economic position is largely the result of monopoly, and that, under existing conditions, loss of monopoly would mean for him loss of status and of material well-being. Labor is bought and sold in the market as an article of commerce: it is susceptible of monopoly value no less than any commodity; and employers, not being "in business for their health," do not and cannot pay for their labor more than they must. The trade unionist's analysis of the existing situation is correct: he must preserve his monopoly if he is to preserve his status, his standard of life, and his economic power. If the structure of society were different, it would be another matter; but, taking things as they are, he pursues the only course that is open to him.

That, in a certain degree, these practices limit output need not be denied; but such restriction is inevitable under the existing conditions of industry. Moreover, there is another side to the picture. These forms of restriction are among the few remaining safeguards of our national standards of craftsmanship and skill. Their removal might be followed by an immediate increase of output; but this would be purchased not only at the expense of the workers, but in the long run at the cost of industrial efficiency. Industry might do without the craftsman for a while; but sooner or later his removal would result in a degradation in the quantity of our national output for which the monetary increase in quantity would be no compensation at all.

So far, we have been speaking of those trade union rules against which attack is most easily levelled, because they do in fact, however necessarily, limit production in a purely quantitative sense, and diminish the adaptability of industry to changing conditions. But it must not be forgotten that many of the trade union rules

which are suspended at the present time are essential safeguards to health and well-being. Regulations providing for the safety of the worker, limitation of overtime under normal conditions, and many other rules of a similar character, though they may be suspended for a while in view of national necessity, could not be permanently abrogated without the most serious effects. Trade unionism serves to protect not only the standard of life for the worker, but also the elements of human well-being in the interests of the whole people.

So much for written regulations. We come now to those unwritten workshop customs against which such heavy charges are brought. The enemies of trade unionism profess to believe that these customs constitute a colossal plot against the national prosperity. Ever since the "Times" published its famous series of articles on "The Crisis in British Industry" in 1901, many otherwise estimable people have been convinced that the average British working man is a "skulker," and, what is more, that his "skulking" is the result of a widespread and deliberate trade union conspiracy. By what fevered process of mind this view was arrived at we do not profess to understand; but it clearly exists, in greater or less degree, in the minds of many people who ought to know better. That there are such customs we are not concerned to deny; that they are universal or even widespread we see no shred of evidence to make us believe. Restriction of this type is almost entirely a matter of the spirit prevailing in the shop. Wanton slacking does not exist except in a few isolated cases; but there is scant inducement for a man to produce all he can if the immediate result is the cutting of his piece-rate, or, in the case of the time-worker, the imposition of a system of practical task-work by increased supervision and bullying. Firms which are always trying to cut rates cannot expect good work; and it is in such firms that unwritten restrictions on output flourish.

In any case, if a rule is unwritten and rests purely on an understanding among the men in a particular workshop, no power on earth can either suspend or abrogate it without the consent of the men concerned. The firm can, of course, dismiss the men; but if it pursues with its new employees the methods which led to the practice of restriction, the process will soon be repeated. If such unwritten customs are suspended during the war, it is partly because piece-rates are legally protected, but far more because of the patriotism of the workers. If they revive when the war is over, it will be because firms have returned to their old practice of rate-cutting. The average worker will give a fair day's work for a fair day's wage and a fair day's treatment; he will not seek to make extra profits for the employer who is always trying to reduce his standard of life. This, no doubt, will fail to satisfy the advocates of "scientific" speeding-up, who want more than a fair day's work; but it is surely enough to satisfy those who take a reasonable view of the conduct of industry.

We do not for a moment suggest that trade union regulations are perfect, or, indeed, free from very grave faults. But we have sought to emphasize the fact that they do form an absolutely necessary safeguard for the workers under the existing conditions of industry. There are many respects in which they might be with advantage greatly modified; but no modification can be suffered unless it affords to the worker by some other means the protection hitherto afforded by the regulations which he is asked to surrender. We cannot have it both ways: we cannot both secure the greatest possible efficiency and reduce the mass of the workers to a condition bordering on serfdom by the abolition of their

trade union restrictions. We must in any case go back to the old conditions in order that the pledges given may be redeemed: and, having gone back, we must either go on along the old lines, or find a better way. If we try the second course, we must be prepared for drastic changes in the organization of industry. Restriction can be done away with by the granting of a measure of real freedom and self-government to the workers, but for this our prophets of the new industrial era seem, for the most part, singularly ill-prepared. Indeed, the proposals which are now finding increasing favor in the eyes of many employers make precisely in the opposite direction. To this we shall turn in our next article, in which we shall deal with the idea of scientific management in industry as a panacea for all forms of inefficiency.

There is only one aspect of this question to which we wish to refer here. If scientific management shows anything, it shows that the roots of restriction and inefficiency are in the employers no less than in the workers. If workers restrict production, so do employers, and to a far greater extent. We have seen that most of the restrictions imposed by the workers are unavoidable attempts to provide essential safeguards. Employers' restrictions can claim no such justification. Some are limitations of output for the purpose of keeping up prices; but the greater number are the result of a failure to apply science in its proper sphere, the control of the inanimate machine and the workshop. We must turn next to the growing attempt to apply it out of its sphere, to the control and management of human beings.

RAYMOND ASQUITH.

(BY ONE WHO KNEW HIM WELL.)

RAYMOND ASQUITH, whose death we are all mourning, was thirty-seven years old. He was born in Hampstead, and was taught in a little school by a very clever woman; from there he went as a scholar to Winchester and to Balliol. He was easily the best man of his time at both.

I saw him first on June 9th, 1891, in the Outer Temple Hall, with his father and mother. He had his mother's beautiful eyes and forehead, and was extraordinarily graceful and well-mannered. We walked together up to the gallery of one of the Courts, and were shown into our seats. We were going to hear a social *cause célèbre* in which Raymond's father was defending a family falsely accused of libelling a Guardsman. Little Raymond sat between his mother and me. He was wonderfully modest, and quite without shyness or self-consciousness. To those who knew him you could see that his certainty of touch in life not only came from his success, but from being deeply and evenly loved from the day of his birth by his father and mother.

I observed him watching me with his sedate and beautiful expression. I was so flattered by his attention that in a dull moment I let my small handkerchief flutter down from the gallery on to the heads of those sitting below. I was fascinated by the expression of his face, half-shocked, half-rapturous, as he craned forward to see the result of what I hoped non-observers might think an accident.

From that day till he left England for the last time in April of this year, he and I were devoted friends. His amazing gifts of expression, and perfectly uninfluenced opinions, prevented me ever thinking him very young; but he got younger every day, and what adds to the stunning sorrow of his death is the thought of the blank pages on which he might have written anything. It is futile to speculate on what he might have been—a great lawyer, a great politician, or a great soldier. But what

really distinguished him was his literary gift. He had something like perfection of style, poise, flexibility, and flashing wit, humor, both caustic and kind, and a power of selection, rare even in practised writers. He was at ease in prose and verse; he has left a good many brilliant and unpublished pieces, and some of the best letters ever written except his father's. He was never idle, but not keen. He had no vanity, or passion to bring himself into prominence. When he knew he had won his Balliol scholarship he let an adoring family and many devoted friends know it through the newspapers.

He was very good for young men and maidens who have warm corners for themselves, and he watched with amused neutrality and an occasional sword-thrust all misplaced enthusiasm, social imitators, and plausibility. Scornfully fastidious for himself, he was not censorious of others. He did not want to convert. His god was not a Creator, but he was just.

He was absolutely genuine. If he had a pose, it was affecting to feel less than he did. A loyal and devoted friend, he would give money, counsel, protection, to any who wanted them. He had dangerous ease in his work and in his play. He was a Derby winner, yet he never ran a Derby course. None of us ever saw him fully extended; but who of us can say that in that last year of discipline and devotion, courage and challenge, he was not running silently on a course whose goal he has reached?

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

"THE Man Power Distribution Board" represents the strangest of all the roving inquiries which this Government has set up; and in its *personnel* I should venture to call it one of the least authoritative. What is it to do? Vulgarly in thought and expression does not cover everything, and "combing out" is a phrase rather than a policy. How, for example, can any outside body inform a department how many servants it requires for the proper conduct of its business, and therefore how many men of military age it can spare for the Armies? Such an inquiry hangs in its turn on the answer to some larger questions still. Who is to decide, apart from Cabinet guidance, what the size of the Army should be, what is to be the consequent flow of recruits, and what equation it is safe to establish between the civil and industrial and the military needs of the nation? The number of divisions was settled some time ago, after long debate. Is that controversy to be raked over again on the demand of the War Office? Mr. Runciman is obviously attacked in the "Times," in spite of his exemplary and unequalled services to the country. But what is the precise quarrel with him? The lists of reserved occupations were carefully compiled and revised, and on the strength of these our industrial business has been reorganized with remarkable success. Unsettlement is to come again; until, I suppose, we reach the point when our manufacturers will throw up their hands, close down their works, and leave the Government to find the means of carrying our enormous and always extending commitments and purchases of material for the Allies as best it may. Thither we are being driven by these wild men, as the wiser heads know. But surely not without some more definite direction than this queer Committee can supply.

It would be well for our statesmen not to forget Ireland, for more than one movement of significance is going on there. I hear good reports of Mr. Duke, of his

industry, resolve to master the work of his Department, and to gain such knowledge of the country as an English statesman "on a mission" can acquire. But the agitation of Sinn Fein is not to be laid in a few weeks. I cannot suppose that the Government would be quite so mad as to stir it to white heat by conscription. Fear and hatred of conscription were active causes of Sinn Fein, and, indeed, underlay the actual fighting tactics practised by the rebel volunteers. But if this capital error is avoided, there are rocks ahead. One is the decline of Parliamentary Nationalism and the threat to Mr. Redmond's position. This grows; it is a factor of which account must be taken. Then there is the new Nation League, with its programme of anti-partition. A third development is the growing discontent with the Home Rule Bill, and the movement towards a form of colonial Home Rule. Here, think the malcontents, the Colonies will help Ireland towards a larger, freer Constitution. Nor does Unionism—especially Southern Unionism—stand entirely aloof from these stirrings of the Irish spirit. The method of the "Round Table" has suggested itself to a powerful group as a means of promoting a continuous study of problems of Irish government. With it are such names as Lord Monteagle, Mr. Walter Kavanagh, Mr. George Russell, and Mr. Synnott, of the Bank of Ireland. These studying Unionists have not yet blossomed into a propaganda; but their names suggest the growth of the idea of a common Irish citizenship and national life.

I TRANSCRIBE a few impressions of British soldiers' experiences and views of the war, which seem to me characteristic of a great mass of feeling which the Press does not record: (1) Our soldiers do not discuss the causes of the war or its issues. They speak of concrete things which concern their daily lives. (2) Neither have they any heroes, political or military. (3) The great spiritual bond in the Army is that of comradeship. The loss of a "pal" is the greatest sorrow a soldier suffers, and may deeply affect his spirits and character. (4) They do not sing patriotic songs, but mostly comic rhymes of the hour. (5) The level of personal bravery is extremely high; indifference under fire is usual; soldiers in great danger will go on shaving, and instances of bravado (such as standing on the parapet of a trench exposed to hot fire and firing deliberately at the enemy) are not uncommon. (6) The chief grievances are inadequacy of rations, harsh punishments, and too much drilling behind the lines. As to rations, an officer's view was—"The men have enough, but not more than enough." (7) Save when in action and when our men believe the enemy guilty of foul fighting, the Germans are not spoken of with hate, and curious informal relationships and conventions tend to spring up between the opposing trenches. A German soldier on the Somme even had the impudence to crawl over to an English trench and request the loan of a mallet to finish his job with! (8) They want "to see the thing through," but they would welcome an end of the war. (9) They have no love for soldiering as a profession. They went out for a special "job," and when they return to "Blighty" they will almost certainly vote against permanent compulsion.

ONE would be more impressed with the Bishop of London's campaign for a better stage if one thought that for all his zeal and goodness of heart he was the kind of man to lead it anywhere, or that the Church knew enough about the theatre to reform it. With all respect to my friend Mr. Headlam and his gallant crusaders of the Guild, the Church has never informed itself about the stage, never given a helping hand to the effort of the

"intellectuals" to make it serious. A good deal of it is coarse and trivial enough. Why? Because our theatre is designed for grown-up children, to please the eye without touching the mind or the heart. Is not that a little the fault of the modern Church?

RAYMOND ASQUITH'S death is a rich offering to the gloomy Fates that govern our lives. I suppose no family in England is quite so variously gifted as the Prime Minister's, and of all its members, Raymond's talent was closest to his father's, that is to say in his capacity to weigh, sum up, and criticize affairs as contrasted with the more ideal tasks of the intellect. He was certainly literary, though this vein was not deeply cultivated or long pursued. His personality and attainments seemed equal to most of the achievements that able men, with the command of opportunity, propose for themselves in this country. A certain shyness over-hung his apparently sure and self-contained character. He was a little silent in average conversation, being in this respect unlike his brilliant sisters. Death has intervened before one could decide what would come of this assemblage of powers, and in particular whether politics or the law would claim them. Broken is the circle so united, in fond and familiar admiration, with its head.

THE other day I was asked a question as to the comparative merits of the war correspondents. I could not give a quite enthusiastic answer. Much original power and experience are withheld from our criticism of the war, and what remains is crippled by the Censor. How can one conceive a whole-hearted respect for writers who obviously draw their work from a common official memorandum? I see too much of the conductor's wand to enjoy the orchestra. But the two most consistently interesting and intelligent comments on the war seem to me to be those of Mr. Gibbs, the special correspondent of the "Telegraph" and "Chronicle," and of Mr. Perris, the Paris correspondent of the "Chronicle." Mr. Washburn, of the "Times," is obviously well-informed, and so (of course) as a critic of general military questions is Colonel Repington. The "Post" has good occasional writing. But I confess I have obtained the best general idea of what a modern army in the field is like from Lord Northcliffe's unconventional and unprofessional (and also unconstrained) accounts of it. And some of the best strategic criticism has been embodied in Mr. Dane's articles in the "Westminster Gazette."

SIR LAUDER BRUNTON'S death will be a shock to many patients and to his profession, though his later appearance was frail and worn almost beyond his years. How many thousands have benefited by his wise and careful guidance and his great skill in therapeutics! I have heard his prescriptions spoken of as models of combining and adaptive skill, and his development of nitrite of amyl as a remedy for heart trouble would rank, I suppose, as a discovery of great importance. He was a very sympathetic as well as a very able physician, and confidence easily went out to him. His intellectual interests were wide and liberal; he was essentially a public man, as indeed in these days the great doctor is bound to be.

SHOULD anyone desire to observe the process of flaying an author carried out with a skill, cruelty, and completeness rare in literature, let him read a little book entitled "The Future of Militarism." The author signs himself "Roland." I think I guess his identity. The hapless victim is Mr. Oliver and his "Ordeal By Battle." It is a Roland for an Oliver with a vengeance.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE PRICE.

WE have dealt elsewhere with M. Briand's eloquent castigation of a Socialist deputy, but there is one interpretation which its author would, we are sure, desire to avoid. A certain M. Brizon had asked the nation to count the cost of the war. Now, no manly and resolute nation ought to go through a war with its eyes bandaged nor to wear blinkers in the Valley of the Shadow. Peace, like freedom, is only to be won at a great price, and if a people has the firm temper and will that deserve a worthy peace, it will feel that the end is the more precious because it has been bought at a terrible cost. To shrink from the measurement of the losses of war against the gains of endurance is to abdicate the functions of reason, and to doubt of one's own courage. No nation at war will openly admit, while the war lasts, that any reasonably sober estimate of the political gains exceeds the actual and prospective losses. Yet it is well to remember that every student of history can cite case after case in which a nation or its rulers, stirred by the passions of the struggle, has staggered on until the price of victory has immeasurably exceeded the advantages or the self-imposed costs of defeat and outdone the utmost malice of the enemy. For two years the whole Allied press has been busy—it was its duty and its right—in defining the gains of the success on which we were resolved, from the ideal gains of a peace based on a new international organization, through a long series of territorial changes inspired by the conception of nationality, down to the more material gains of the trade war. That sketch of the future, as each of us conceives it, is in all our minds—a hopeful but precarious picture, depending as it must on a hundred obscure moral factors, the sincerity and wisdom of statesmen, the self-restraint of victors, the readiness of the enemy to adjust himself to a higher level of international morality, the ability of our own side to preserve after years of horror and resentment our first exalted perception. We propose for once—the first time in two years—to look into the other side of the account. There is no possible common measure. Who will fix the equation between the opening of the Dardanelles and its cost in English, Australian, French, and Russian manhood, to say nothing of the Bulgars, Germans, and Turks? There are no fixed values in this arithmetic. A wise Frenchman, if he knew that the restoration of the lost provinces would mean the peace and reconciliation of the two great neighbors, might willingly pay a great price for it, even the lives of his own sons. If he saw through the change only a fresh vista of strife and revenge, the cost might appal him. We cannot count these things. Our totals of death and devastation are mere abstractions, and the massive horror of a casualty list means only the wound which it brings to single hearts who loved the dead. Our measures are sheer fallacy, but the human mind has no finer scales with which to weigh these imponderables.

We cannot fix as yet even the toll of the killed. Britain and Germany are the only belligerents who publish full casualty lists and count them officially from time to time. Russia's losses can only be conjectured, and the French total is not published in the press. We have seen one estimate (in the "New York Times") which professed to give with some degree of certainty the whole losses of Europe in the second year of war. It put the whole total of both sides in killed alone at three millions. For the first year the estimates range widely from a semi-

official German figure (for all Europe) of 2,500,000 up to an American calculation which reached twice that figure. To say that six millions of armed men have fallen so far is probably to make an under-estimate, and this figure takes no account of the non-combatants who have perished among the Polish, Galician, and Serbian refugees, of the victims of famine in Syria and of massacre in Armenia. It is commonly said that for every man killed, we must reckon another maimed for life, and at least partially incapacitated by the loss of reason, eyesight, or limbs. Given the high skill of modern surgery in the West, this may be for England, France, and Germany an excessive reckoning, but the East has no such healing resources.

Nor dare we guess how many men there are, apart from the maimed in hospitals and in prison camps, who will return to civil life when the hour comes in some degree as moral and physical wrecks—men who "will never be the same again." If six million men have been withdrawn by death from the productive army of Europe, the loss through maiming and one degree of debility or another cannot be very much less. It would be a moderate reckoning to say that Europe has lost the equivalent of ten million workers. How shall we visualize this host? The cartoonists will show us a plain covered as far as the eye can reach with corpses or crosses. That is a poor aid to the imagination. The loss is more vividly represented if we say to ourselves that from all Europe a host of men has been withdrawn by death and maiming rather greater than the entire adult male population of the British Isles. Yet even the figure of an Egyptian plague which carried off, not the first-born, but every grown man, gives an inadequate picture of the loss, for an adult male population includes with the aged and the incapable, millions of men of ripe years whose expectation of life is measured in one figure. But this army lost to mankind was capable, healthy, and relatively youthful. Its average age must be under thirty. It represents, in short, a vastly greater potential productive force than the whole of our male population. Imagine these islands wiped out for a generation, and all they produce in wealth and thought withdrawn from the sum of the world's mental and material goods, and you have the measure of this loss by slaughter and maiming alone. An economist might give the value of the lost labor of these ten millions, each for an average lifetime, in pounds sterling, but the figure would touch those astronomical magnitudes which escape the imagination.

This measure is still no gauge of the loss. One must add to it some reckoning for the broken and depressed lives of young widows, and something again for the moral and material loss to the surviving children, who will grow up with an appreciably reduced chance in life and a handicap at the start. But that is not all. In every country it is the officer class and the non-commissioned ranks that yield the heaviest percentage of killed. These are not to-day a professional military caste. They are, on the whole, the intellectual *élite* of the middle class, and among the working class the men most worthy of responsibility and command. Some men of known genius and talent are among them, here a Rupert Brooke and a Raymond Asquith, and there a Professor Kettle, and for every one of these scores or hundreds of youths whose capacity promised service or fame. The loss of labor is colossal. The loss of talent, knowledge, and character must be even more appalling, and for a generation we must expect an appreciable impoverishment of leadership as the weeded ranks come to middle age in the arts, in political and social life, and in commerce. For it is, on the whole, the generous,

the ardent, the enterprising who fall in the largest numbers, and the cautious, the selfish, and the timid who survive. Within a nation war inverts the natural process of the survival of the fittest.

Nor does this summary view represent the whole of the mischief, for it falls in unequal degrees. Our own losses (though they must now vastly exceed the total of 228,000 killed which had been reached long before the "Great Push" began) are relatively low, and even Russia's, though absolutely enormous, are not high in relation to her immense population. Germany's are relatively much higher, though she may console herself with her birth-rate. The brunt of the loss in the matter of population falls on France and on Serbia. The valid male population of Serbia (excluding prisoners) of military age is now represented by the little force, perhaps 60,000 to 80,000 men, before Salonica. It entered the war with about 300,000. What will it be at the end? The French loss in killed alone must be approaching a million. The fit men and youths of military age are at most six million. With a stationary population, the loss in killed of one in seven represents a terrible subtraction from the nation's moral and physical forces, and we are not counting the broken and maimed, of whom the totally incapacitated are said to exceed a third of a million.

To descend from the loss by death to the loss in money may be an anti-climax, but the loss in money means, in fact, the added burden of toil and privation for the survivors. The figures of the actual cost of the war up to date are much more easily reached than the human losses. A noted American financial journal worked them out the other day for the whole of Europe. The total money cost, so far, is about ten thousand million pounds sterling, of which four-fifths is debt. It is a figure which means less than nothing, so vast it is, for the imagination. Translate it even into terms of annual interest at 5 per cent., and the huge figure of 500 millions, which represents the annual burden which the war has fixed on the shoulders of Europe for the rest of our lifetime and our children's, is inconceivably big. The total cost to this country was, on the second anniversary of the war's outbreak, about 2,238 millions sterling, a sum which means over one hundred millions in annual interest. If the war ended to-morrow, this would still be very far from its total cost, for we must add to it the charges for demobilization and pensions, for the renewal of lost or worn-out war material, the replacement of lost ships, the restitution of devastated territories, and the restoration of neglected public works, together with some allowance for the plant and buildings devoted to munition works, which cannot all be turned to civilian uses. Unless the war should end unexpectedly early, we are hardly likely to escape with much less than the doubling of our old peace Budget—assuming always, what it is rash to assume, that we escape fresh burdens of armaments. That means in one form or another the doubling of taxation, an immense growth of the leisured class which lives on "unearned incomes" at the expense of the workers of all grades, and a steep barrier confronting every effort to raise our productive expenditure on education, insurance, housing, and social betterment, both national and municipal. After its orgy of waste, an impoverished world may have to face an epoch of meanness.

These are the more superficial and measurable costs. Hideous as they are, they are small compared with the moral and intellectual damage of these two years. They seem to have destroyed the frail but intricate international life of Europe, and everywhere in politics, in thought and in trade, to have thrown us back upon a narrower and intenser nationalism. If this is serious

for us it is tragic for the mingled races of Central and Eastern Europe, which, however the map may be altered, must still contrive, with all their aggravated resentments, to live together. Everywhere it has strengthened, for the time being, the executive government, and driven a deep rift through the ranks of the Socialist and Labor parties, which have all but lost their old internationalism. In every country the first effort cannot be to advance, but to reconquer lost or compromised liberties. Even we may not fully regain our freedom of speech, our civil liberties, and the workers' right of association without an effort, while voluntary service and free trade are in a still more precarious case. Force has taken a new place in our lives and transformed our outlook in subtle and manifold ways that defy analysis. The return to the civilian mind, to persuasion, to government by frank and tolerant opinion will nowhere be easy. The longer this abnormal experience lasts, and the deeper it cuts into the fibre of the mind, the slower must be our return to the habit of civilization.

THE NEW-BORN TORTOISE.

"HELP! Help!" shrieks the housemaid upon the best of posters, as, with brush in hand, she plunges, panic-stricken, from the bedroom she was dusting. For through the half-open window a serpentine monster of creation's prime comes gliding. His eyes revolve on stalks, his mouth stands ready to gape, upon his body in the street we conjecture wings. His name is Vacuum Cleaner, for he has come down a little in the world while ages rolled. But who can utter the name by which he was called when he sported with Leviathan in the steaming ooze, and nearly baulked man's evolution by swallowing mankind?

It is impossible to believe that things inanimate are not alive. The lightnings say "Here we are!" The mountains sleep. The clouds hear the loud winds. The brook sings to the sleeping woods. The wild waves listen and speak. A locomotive is a "Puffing Billy." When the engineer ceases to call his engine "she," something is wrong. Well did the Greeks and Japanese paint eyes upon the prow. To our present enemy's ancestors their first big gun was "Faules Gretchen," "Lazy Peg." Is not a "Muckle Meg" of iron enjoying honorable old age upon Edinburgh Castle walls? The first 15-inch howitzer that roared in Flanders was called "Grandmother" before she spoke, and time would fail to tell of "Weary Willies," "Creeping Carolines," "Silent Susans" and all the other fond alliterative names for our male and female guns, to say nothing of "Bloody Mary," who intruded a touch of democracy upon her proud sister gun, the elegant "Lady Anne." "Hairy Mary" was an armored train, round which the sailors lapped thick cables to keep her safe and warm. To our enemy, his aeroplane is a "Dove." To our men, the gun which brings down the "Dove" is an "Archie." It was all very well for Goethe to say man never knows how anthropomorphic he is. This amount, at all events, he may learn without coming under fire. Let him stand in the Tube and watch a train come to rest, panting—visibly panting—at the platform. Of course she is alive, as much alive as the potent image a pagan makes of half a firewood log, or as Juggernaut, "Lord of the World," whose symbolic gollywog it is worth crawling a thousand miles to behold, though you measure each two yards with your own extended body.

So that there is nothing to surprise us in the living aspect of the new-born armored cars. To friends and enemies they are animated monsters, benevolent or

malign. Sir Douglas Haig speaks of them quite simply, just as Froissart might speak of gentle knights pricking out in advance of serried lines of bowmen:—

"Our armored cars gallantly led the action," he says, "knocking out hostile machine-guns, inflicting heavy losses by their machine-gun fire, enfilading the German trenches, and causing indescribable demoralization in the enemy's ranks."

The accredited war correspondents probably come nearer the truth (truth being their trade). One describes them as sinister, formidable, and industrious, causing the enemy to bolt like rabbits or surrender in picturesque attitudes of terror; swallowing colonels, too, as the whale swallowed Jonah:—

"They inspired confidence and laughter," he says. "No other incident of the war has created such amusement in the face of death as their *début* before the trenches of Martinpuich and Flers. Their quaintness and seeming air of profound intelligence commended them to a critical audience. 'Walking wounded' grinned through their bandages and grime as they talked of these extraordinary beasts. . . . I heard the fragment of one conversation as a grievously wounded man was lifted out at a casualty clearing station: 'And he says, "Lord, there was one of them iron boxes strolling down the high street of Flers like it was Sunday afternoon."'"

Another correspondent describes a whole herd of them resting in a hollow field like vast antediluvian brutes, which Nature had made and forgotten—"hybrids between Behemoth and the Chimæra, toad-salamanders, echidna-dragons." He tells of their performing new antics at which one could only sit down and laugh. When they fell into single file and advanced to the front, they looked like a great string of mammoths. Later on, he again compares them with Behemoth, ambling about, trampling down woods, climbing over barricades, contemptuous of machine-guns and rifle fire, shaking off the bullets, which only struck sparks from their awful sides. Like Behemoth indeed, for of old Behemoth we read:—

"The sword of him that layeth at him cannot hold: the spear, the dart, nor the habergeon. He esteemeth iron as straw, and brass as rotten wood. The arrow cannot make him flee; slingstones are turned with him into stubble. Darts are counted as stubble; he laugheth at the shaking of the spear."

All the phrases of these descriptions are meant for living things. "Leading gallantly into action," "sinister," "industrious" (but not "industrial"!), "inspiring confidence," "their seeming air of profound intelligence," their ways of "strolling down the high street," "ambling," "trampling," "climbing"—all the phrases are for breathing, conscious, and intelligent things. Evidently, on their first appearance they "came to life." Our men began at once to endow them with personality—to "idolize" them, as we might literally say, for once again mankind has created a kind of god. He is not exactly in man's image, but one notices in him the characteristic of his English creators. Especially one notices the element of laughter, and laughter characterizes the English people—the English working-classes. We used to be thought a nation of grave livers, like the Scots, solemn even in our pleasures. Perhaps the generalization was made chiefly from the aristocratic caste, whose manners are noted for repose; or from the solid middle-class, who regarded laughter in this vale of tears as slightly irreverent, even on week-days. At all events, our enormous working-classes feel no such restraints, and we have become the laughing nation of the world. Before the Japanese took to top-hats and efficiency, sentimental travellers used to describe their land as "the islands of tinkling laughter." Probably they have ceased to tinkle now, and the laughter of the British Isles is not of the tinkling kind. It is the laugh-

ter roused by something grotesque, ironic, animal, or monstrous, and in the "tanks" all those incitements are combined.

"They inspired confidence and laughter," we read. And, again, "At each new antic which they performed, each new capacity which they developed, one could do nothing but sit down and laugh till one's side ached." And, in another account, we have the most remarkable tribute of all:—

"It was as though one of Mr. Heath Robinson's jokes had been utilized for a deadly purpose, and one laughed even before the dire effect upon the enemy was observed."

That last sentence may not exactly mean what it seems to imply. It is from an admirable correspondent, but a war-correspondent, writing in a crumbling dug-out after a toilsome night or day close to the front, and often in the same peril as the fighting line, or in a cold, bare room, with the censor waiting and the typewriters of his rivals clattering around him like the hurrying chariots of time, cannot always be minutely particular about the exact implication of every phrase. So we need not suppose this correspondent actually meant that though he laughed at the monsters before they came into action, he laughed still more when he observed their dire effect in slaughtering the enemy. Still, it was the irony of their appalling purpose, combined with their grotesque and cumbrous appearance, which made the animated monsters more laughable to the soldier mind; for it is such simple irony that our soldier class most enjoys, and we may be sure that a far more ironic name than "Tanks" (a mere accident) has already been bestowed upon the gambolling armor-plated things.

They killed more soldiers in an hour, says another correspondent, than all the Zeppelins together have killed since they first took flight, and that is probably a low estimate. The same correspondent as we quoted last describes the scene of their first appearance (not, of course, entirely the result of their action):—

"The fields around Martinpuich and Courcellette are carpeted with German dead. They could be seen from a point just south of the former village, to-day, lying in mangled heaps along the trenches which were taken by the British on Saturday, and in heaps of five and six where they had fallen in their flight to safety. They choked the dug-outs which lined the ruins of the sugar factory beside the Albert road. Everywhere around those hardly-won villages are the corpses of Bavarian infantrymen, smothering the machine-gun emplacements which guarded the approaches, strewn across the broken tombs in the little cemetery of Martinpuich, huddled in the workings of the quarry, and dotted up and down the narrow streets. They died profusely around Courcellette."

They were all enemies who died so profusely, and as patriots we rejoice in their number. Yet in the midst of rejoicing, we cannot help remembering how much those bones cost in the breeding, and what sorrow someone feels for each of those dead bodies carpeting the fields round Martinpuich. It was in the face of such scenes of death that the new-born monsters aroused the laughter. "The man who invented them," writes the correspondent, "deserves much of the Army, if for no more than that he has made it laugh as it fought." Gulliver assured the incredulous Horse that he had seen his own dear countrymen blow up a hundred enemies at once in a siege, and as many in a ship, and beheld the dead bodies come down in pieces from the clouds, "to the great diversion of the spectators." So man goes on from one generation to another, animating stocks and stones with phantasy, laughing in the midst of horror, and now creating a scientific tortoise—a highly evolutionized Roman "testudo"—simply because shrapnel and the machine-gun have become too terrific in slaughter to allow an offensive

approach, just as arrows and javelins and rocks flung from fortress walls had become too terrific in ancient days.

OUR EMPTY CHURCHES.

A DISTINGUISHED Whig, Sir James Mackintosh, who, born in the early years of George III., lived to see the rise and fall of the political reactions which accompanied and followed the long French wars, first with the Republic and then with Napoleon—dying in the year of the Reform Bill, 1832—tells us that, comparing his latter with his earlier memories, "he could almost think that he had lived in two different countries, and conversed with people who spoke two different languages." It had been dangerous to be a reformer: even in 1820 Sidney Smith said that it was safer to be a felon. In 1832 it was a sign of being behind the times not to be one: the climate had changed.

What Mackintosh said of politics may be said by men now living of religion. Fifty years ago Christianity, if it had ceased, or was ceasing to be, as a Chief Justice described it, "the law of the land," was one of the conventions into which people were born, and to which they conformed instinctively. Now it has become an individual, or personal matter, with which society has no concern. It is this change of outlook which, more than any other cause, has emptied and is emptying our churches. It is evident from the literature of the National Mission and from the Church Press that this process of evacuation has reached such a point as to cause serious alarm to official Churchmen. They neither deny nor extenuate it; they admit, and deplore. The moral standard, indeed, has not been lowered: on the contrary, it has been raised and is rising. The generation of Englishmen which is fighting the present world-war need not fear comparison with any past generation; and the growth of social, or inter-class, morality is the distinctive feature of our age. But neither religious formula nor religious observance commend themselves to it: the former seems meaningless, the latter superfluous. While it finds both uninteresting. Here the psychology of the modern man comes in. He is more intolerant of boredom than his father was; and he is very much more easily bored.

There have always been people who practise religion from religious motives—because they feel it either a pleasure, or a duty, or both; and such persons form the staple of our churchgoers. They are probably not now a very large class. Till lately, again, many people retained the belief that the clergy had an authoritative commission to teach; and that this commission involved a corresponding obligation on the community to accept this teaching: those who did not do so felt that they were doing wrong. In the presence of the general growth of knowledge and of the increasing diversities of religious teaching, this belief has to a great extent died out; and with it, the motive for religious observance which it supplied has disappeared. While what was probably the most powerful motive of all, that of convention and public opinion, is no longer operative. There is now no convention as to religious observance; public opinion does not care whether a man practises it or not. It is to be regretted that this is so. These motives were not of the highest order: but the mass of mankind has never acted, and will never act, from unmixed motives; human nature is mixed. An element of convention enters into both morality and religion. It is not the life of either; but it contributes largely to the hold of each upon life. And the conventional motive has broken down before the rational was ready to replace it: so that we are left

"Wandering between two worlds, one dead
The other powerless to be born."

For the rational motive for religion is of too philosophical a character to be easily apprehended by those unaccustomed to thinking: in addition to which pietists systematically belittle it; like the murmuring Israelites, "their soul loathes this light meat." It will not always be so; for "wisdom is justified of her children." But their time is not yet.

The result has been a certain over-concentration in the Churches. Decent people felt themselves isolated; and fell back more and more on those like minded with themselves for fellowship: the larger world had left them behind it, and they were less and less at home in this world. Those whose antagonism to it was the most pronounced became the champions of the reaction. To compromise was to be lukewarm: in a church in conflict the leadership falls into the hands of fanatics, or those who find it profitable to profess fanaticism. The more authoritative the Church, the more this is the case: it becomes a world within a world, with passions the fiercer and animosities the more intense because of the smaller space within which they are confined. The Roman Catholic Church is a conspicuous example. During the Vatican Council, the most eminent Catholic divine then living denounced the dominant church party of the time as "an insolent and aggressive faction"; and a generation later a great French scholar tells us that "the position of a priest called upon to study and teach Scripture was a terrible one, if his mind were open and his speech sincere."

"Hæret lateri lethalis arundo";

for him, as for many others, it was the beginning of an inevitable end.

Among ourselves, a more enlightened public opinion, and our national indisposition to push things to extreme conclusions, logical as these may appear, have been, up to a certain point, our safeguard. Neither the bitterness of the attack nor the stubbornness of the defence has been as furious as in Catholic countries. But "magus et minus non mutant speciem." One result of the increasing indifference to religion has been a certain narrowing and professionalizing of the Church: its temperature has been raised. The nation, as such, has not been affected by this. The Dissenting Churches lie outside the whole movement; and the average lay Churchman does not trouble himself about it—perhaps scarcely knows that it exists. But it influences a large number of the more energetic clergy, and—what is more important—a considerable section of the more devout and zealous laity. For the indifference of the majority and the enthusiasm of the minority act and react upon one another; as the one becomes cooler, the other becomes more heated and more inflamed. So that a practical problem arises, which affects not only those in authority but the community. It is this: that, while to encourage the minority is still further to alienate the majority—i.e., the nation as a whole—to oppose it is to run the risk of emptying still more our already emptying churches: we may lose the elder brother—who, though his intelligence is low and his temper uncertain, is "ever with us"—without gaining the Prodigal Son. Here is Scylla; there Charybdis. How is the ship, which at the best of times does not answer the helm too easily, to be steered safely between the two?

A generation ago, when more interest was taken in such matters than now, there was a disposition to check the medievalizing of the Church by law. The Public Worship Regulation Act, introduced in 1874 by Archbishop Tait, was described by the then Prime Minister

as an Act "to put down Ritualism," which he described, in a phrase pointed rather than conciliatory, as "Mass in Masquerade." It failed to do so: but the principle which underlay this ill-gauged legislation was sound. The bishops saw clearly that the Church, if it was to remain the Church of the nation, must be neither much more, nor at all less, rational than the nation. Since then it has become very much less so—and its national position, its standing in the life of the nation, social and political, has been correspondingly weakened. It has never been, in the sense in which the Presbyterian Church has been in Scotland, or the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland, the Church of the people. That, though their support has not been an unmixed benefit, has been the Church of the more influential classes. It is so no longer. They sit looser and looser to it, looking at it as a side-show, and leaving its management to the clergy, and to those clerically minded laymen who have been called "clergymen under another form." To unthinking people this may seem a liberation. It is, in fact, a shelving: it shows that the Church has become a thing of particular and past, rather than of general and present interest, and ceased to be a faith in the national life. The public men of to-day look at the quarrels of its sacristy as Gallio looked at the bickerings of the Synagogue. "If it be a question of words, and names, and of your law, look ye to it; for I will be no judge of such matters." We do not indeed beat Sosthenes; we make him a bishop. But we regard the office as rather dignified than actual; and "care for none of these things."

This detachment is becoming more and more the attitude of representative public opinion to the Church: the two are like parallel straight lines, which, stretch them as we will, never meet. We are frankly not interested in the Ornaments Rubric, or the Athanasian Creed, or the Apostolical Succession, or in what has been called the Chalcedonian theology. We refuse to take such questions seriously: they have become as meaningless as the scholastic controversy as to how many angels could stand upon the point of a pin. So that we leave those concerned to decide them by their own arguments and in their own way. Meanwhile, the tide of life carries the world on, and these disputants are a rapidly dwindling number. A National Church cannot be maintained either by or for them. Such a Church presupposes a certain contact with the general life and mind; and, when this contact falls below a certain point, it disappears.

Neither the best mind of our time, nor its public opinion, is, or will be, permanently alienated from religion; the roots of religion lie deep in human nature and in the order of things. But it is useless to try to persuade either ourselves or others that the religion of any past century—the second, or the thirteenth, or the sixteenth, or the nineteenth—can be that of our own time. This is to confound passing values with permanent, and to take names for things. And as long as the Churches refuse to supply or even to recognize any other than those obsolete sanctities, so long what a French writer speaks of as "*le scandale des intelligences*" will be with us. It is time to put an end to it. With regard to ourselves in particular, we have been reminded by a well-informed writer that "how tremendous the drift of educated, moral, and religious men is from membership in the National Church towards an attitude of entire indifference, combined in many cases with a spirit of hostility and contempt for the clergy, and for the general policy pursued in matters ecclesiastical, is hardly realized, except by those who have seriously investigated the condition of affairs."

MR. BRITLING SEES IT THROUGH.

By H. G. WELLS.

(Continued from page 756.)

BOOK II.

Matching's Easy at War.

"THEY did try to come back, but not very much. . . .

"Then when I began to feel sure of having got hold of the trench for good, I began to realize just how tired I was and how high the sun had got. I began to look about me, and found most of the other men working just as hard as I had been doing. 'We've done it!' I said, and that was the first word I'd spoken since I told my two Germans to come out of it, and stuck a man with a wounded leg to watch them. 'It's a bit of All Right,' said Ortheris, knocking off also, and lighting a half-consumed cigarette. He had been wearing it behind his ear, I believe, ever since the charge, against this occasion. He'd kept close up to me all the time, I realized. And then old Park turned up very cheerful with a weak bayonet jab in his forearm that he wanted me to rebandage. It was good to see him, practically all right, too.

"'I took two prisoners,' I said, and everybody I spoke to I told that. I was fearfully proud of it.

"I thought that if I could take two prisoners in my first charge I was going to be some soldier.

"I had stood it all admirably. I didn't feel a bit shaken. I was as tough as anything. I'd seen death and killing, and it was all just hockey.

"And then that confounded Ortheris must needs go and get killed.

"The shell knocked me over, and didn't hurt me a bit. I was a little stunned, and some dirt was thrown over me, and when I got up on my knees I saw Jewell lying about six yards off—and his legs were all smashed about. Ugh! Pulped!

"He looked at me and grinned with a sort of pale satisfaction in keeping up to the last—dying good Ortheris to the finish. I just stood up helpless in front of him, still rather dazed.

"He said something about having a thundering thirst on him.

"I really don't believe he felt any pain. He would have done if he had lived.

"And then, while I was fumbling with my water-bottle, he collapsed. He forgot all about Ortheris. His face puckered up just like the face of a fretful child which refuses to go to bed. 'I didn't want to be out of it,' he said petulantly. 'And I'm done!' And then—then he just looked discontented and miserable and died—right off. Turned his head a little way over. As if he was impatient at everything. Fainted—and fluttered out.

"And, suddenly, it was all different. I began to cry. Like a baby. I kept on with the water-bottle at his teeth long after I was convinced he was dead. I didn't want him to be out of it! God knows how I didn't. I wanted my dear little Cockney cad back. Oh! most frightfully I wanted him back.

"My dear, dear Father, I am grieving and grieving—and it's altogether nonsense. And it's all mixed up in my mind with the mess I trod on. And it gets worse and worse. So that I don't seem to feel anything really, even for Teddy.

"It's been just the last straw of all this hellish foolery. . . .

"If ever there was a bigger lie, my dear Daddy, than any other, it is that man is a reasonable creature. . . .

"War is just foolery—lunatic foolery—hell's foolery. . . .

"But, anyhow, your son is sound and well—if

sorrowful and angry. We were relieved that night. And there are rumors that very soon we are to have a holiday and refit. We lost rather heavily. We have been praised. But all along, Essex has done well. I can't reckon to get back yet, but there are such things as leave for eight-and-forty hours or so in England. . . .

"I shall be glad of that sort of turning round. . . .

"I'm tired. Oh! I'm tired. . . .

"I wanted to write all about Jewell to his mother or his sweetheart or someone; I wanted to wallow in his praises, to say all the things I really find now that I thought about him, but I haven't even had that satisfaction. He was a Poor-law child; he was raised in one of those awful places between Sutton and Banstead in Surrey. I've told you of all the sweetheating he had. 'Soldiers Three' was his Bible; he was always singing 'Tipperary,' and he never got the tune right nor learnt more than three lines of it. He laced all his talk with 'b—y'; it was his jewel, his ruby. But he had the pluck of a robin or a squirrel; I never knew him scared or anything but cheerful. Misfortunes, humiliations, only made him chatty. And he'd starve to have something to give away.

"Well, well, this is the way of war, Daddy. This is what war is. Damn the Kaiser! Damn all fools. . . . Give my love to the Mother and the bruddies and everyone. . . ."

§ 18.

And then, as if it were something that everyone in the Dower House had been waiting for, came the message that Hugh had been killed.

The telegram was brought up by a girl in a pinafore instead of the boy of the old dispensation.

Mr. Britling was standing at the front door; he had been surveying the late October foliage, touched by the warm light of the afternoon, when the messenger appeared. He opened the telegram, hoping as he had hoped when he opened any telegram since Hugh had gone to the front, that it would not contain the exact words he read; that it would say wounded, that at the worst it would say "missing," that perhaps it might even tell of some pleasant surprise, a brief return to home such as the last letter had foreshadowed. He read the final, unqualified statement, the terse regrets. He stood quite still for a moment or so, staring at the words.

It was a mile and a quarter from the post office to the Dower House, and it was always his custom to give telegraph messengers who came to his house twopence, and he wanted very much to get rid of the telegraph girl, who stood expectantly before him, holding her red bicycle. He felt now very sick and strained; he had a conviction that if he did not by an effort maintain his bearing cool and dry he would howl aloud. He felt in his pocket for money; there were some coppers and a shilling. He pulled it all out together and stared at it.

He had an absurd conviction that this ought to be a sixpenny telegram. The thing worried him. He wanted to give the brat sixpence, and he had only threepence and a shilling, and he didn't know what to do, and his brain couldn't think. It would be a shocking thing to give her a shilling, and he couldn't somehow give just coppers for so important a thing as Hugh's death. Then all this problem vanished and he handed the child a shilling. She stared at him, inquiring, incredulous. "Is there a reply, Sir, please?"

"No," he said, "that's for you. All of it. . . . This is a peculiar sort of telegram. . . . It's news of importance. . . ."

As he said this he met her eyes, and had a sudden persuasion that she knew exactly what it was the telegram had told him, and that she was shocked at this gala-like treatment of such terrible news. He hesitated, feeling that he had to say something else, that he was socially inadequate, and then he decided that at any cost he must get his face away from her staring eyes. She made no movement to turn away. She seemed to be taking him in, recording him, for repetition, greedily, with every fibre of her being.

He stepped past her into the garden, and instantly forgot about her existence.

§ 19.

He had been thinking of this possibility for the last few weeks almost continuously, and yet now that it had come to him he felt that he had never thought about it before, that he must go off alone by himself to envisage this monstrous and terrible fact, without distraction or interruption.

He saw his wife coming down the alley between the roses.

He was wrenched by emotions as odd and unaccountable as the emotions of adolescence. He had exactly the same feeling now that he had had when in his boyhood some unpleasant admission had to be made to his parents. He felt he could not go through a scene with her yet, that he could not endure the task of telling her, of being observed. He turned abruptly to his left. He walked away as if he had not seen her, across his lawn towards the little summer-house upon a knoll that commanded the high road. She called to him, but he did not answer.

He would not look towards her, but for a time all his senses were alert to hear whether she followed him. Safe in the summer-house he could glance back.

It was all right. She was going into the house.

He drew the telegram from his pocket again furtively, almost guiltily, and re-read it. He turned it over and read it again.

Killed!

Then his own voice, hoarse and strange to his ears, spoke his thought.

"My God! how unutterably silly. . . . Why did I let him go? Why did I let him go?"

§ 20.

Mrs. Britling did not learn of the blow that had struck them until after dinner that night. She was so accustomed to ignore his incomprehensible moods that she did not perceive that there was anything tragic about him until they sat at table together. He seemed heavy and sulky and disposed to avoid her, but that sort of moodiness was nothing very strange to her. She knew that things that seemed to her utterly trivial, the reading of political speeches in "The Times," little comments on life made in the most casual way, mere movements, could so avert him. She had cultivated a certain disregard of such fitful darknesses. But at the dinner-table she looked up, and was stabbed to the heart to see a haggard white face and eyes of deep despair regarding her ambiguously.

"Hugh!" she said, and then with a chill intimation, "What is it?"

They looked at each other. His face softened and winced.

"My Hugh," he whispered, and neither spoke for some seconds.

"*Killed*," he said, and suddenly stood up whimpering, and fumbled with his pocket.

It seemed he would never find what he sought. It came at last, a crumpled telegram. He threw it down before her, and then thrust his chair back clumsily and went hastily out of the room. She heard him sob. She had not dared to look at his face again.

"But what can I say to him?" she said, with the telegram in her hand.

§ 21.

That night Mrs. Britling made the supreme effort of her life to burst the prison of self-consciousness and inhibition in which she was confined. Never before in all her life had she so desired to be spontaneous and unrestrained; never before had she so felt herself hampered by her timidity, her self-criticism, her deeply ingrained habit of never letting herself go. She was rent by reflected distress. It seemed to her that she would be ready to give her life and the whole world to

be able to comfort her husband now. And she could conceive no gesture of comfort. She went out of the dining-room into the hall and listened. She went very softly upstairs until she came to the door of her husband's room. There she stood still. She could hear no sound from within. She put out her hand and turned the handle of the door a little way, and then she was startled by the loudness of the sound it made and at her own boldness. She withdrew her hand, and then with a gesture of despair she flitted along the corridor to her own room.

Her mind was beaten to the ground by this catastrophe, of which to this moment she had never allowed herself to think. She had never allowed herself to think of it. The figure of her husband, like some pitiful beast, wounded and bleeding, filled her mind. She gave scarcely a thought to Hugh. "Oh, what can I do for him?" she asked herself, sitting down before her unlit bedroom fire. . . . "What can I say or do?"

It was late that night and after an eternity of resolutions and doubts and indecisions that Mrs. Britling went to her husband. He was sitting close up to the fire with his chin upon his hands, waiting for her; he felt that she would come to him, and he was thinking meanwhile of Hugh with a slow unprogressive movement of the mind. He showed by a movement that he heard her enter the room, but he did not turn to look at her. He shrank a little from her approach.

She came and stood beside him. She ventured to touch him very softly, and to stroke his head. "My dear," she said. "My poor dear!"

"My poor dear!" she said, still stroking his hair, "my poor dear!"

She desired supremely to be his comfort, and in a little while she was acting comfort so poorly that she perceived her own failure. And that increased her failure, and that increased her paralysing sense of failure.

Suddenly the real woman cried out from her.

"I can't reach you!" she cried aloud. "I can't reach you. I would do anything. . . . You! You with your heart half-broken. . . ."

She turned towards the door. She moved clumsily, she was blinded by her tears.

Mr. Britling uncovered his face. He stood up astonished, and then pity and pitiful understanding came storming across his grief. He made a step and took her in his arms. "My dear," he said, "don't go from me. . . ."

She turned to him weeping, and put her arms about his neck, and he too was weeping.

"My poor wife!" he said, "my dear wife. If it were not for you I think I could kill myself to-night. Don't cry, my dear. Don't, don't cry. You do not know how you comfort me. You do not know how you help me."

He drew her to him; he put her cheek against his own.

His heart was so sore and wounded that he could not endure that another human being should go wretched. He sat down in his chair and drew her upon his knees, and said everything he could think of to console her and reassure her and make her feel that she was of value to him. He spoke of every pleasant aspect of their lives, of every aspect, except that he never named that dear pale youth who waited now. . . . He could wait a little longer.

At last she went from him.

"Good-night," said Mr. Britling, and took her to the door. "It was very dear of you to come and comfort me," he said. . . .

§ 22.

The door had hardly shut upon her before he forgot her.

For a time he stood beside his open window. He looked at the bed—but no sleep he knew would come that night—until the sleep of exhaustion came. He looked at the bureau at which he had so often written. But the writing there was a shrivelled thing. . . .

This room was unendurable. He must go out. He turned to the window, and outside was a troublesome noise of night-jars and a distant roaring of stags, black trees, blacknesses, the sky clear and remote with a great company of stars. . . . The stars seemed attentive. They stirred and yet were still. It was as if they were the eyes of watchers. He would go out to them. . . .

Very softly he went towards the passage door, and still more softly felt his way across the landing and down the staircase. Once or twice he paused to listen.

He let himself out with elaborate precautions. . . .

Across the dark he went, and suddenly his boy was all about him, playing, climbing the cedars, twisting miraculously about the lawn on a bicycle, discoursing gravely upon his future, lying on the grass, breathing very hard and drawing preposterous caricatures. Once again they walked side by side up and down—it was athwart this very spot—talking gravely but rather shyly.

And here they had stood a little awkwardly, before the boy went in to say good-bye to his stepmother and go off with his father to the station.

"I will work to-morrow again," whispered Mr. Britling, "but to-night—to-night. . . . To-night is yours. . . . Can you hear me, can you hear? Your father . . . who had counted on you. . . ."

§ 23.

He went into the far corner of the hockey paddock, and there he moved about for a while and then stood for a long time holding the fence with both hands and staring blankly into the darkness. At last he turned away, and went stumbling and blundering towards the rose garden. A spray of creeper tore his face and distressed him. He thrust it aside fretfully, and it scratched his hand. He made his way to the seat in the arbor, and sat down and whispered a little to himself, and then became very still with his arm upon the back of the seat and his head upon his arm.

(To be continued.)

Letters to the Editor.

VIEWS OF SETTLEMENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Permit me to resume the theme of my last week's letter, and to come to the more difficult questions involved in the settlement of the terms of peace after the present war. If I take as my basis the supposition that we and our Allies win a complete victory, this is not because I assume such an issue as certain; but it is at any rate a possibility; and it is only on this assumption that we can determine for ourselves what our real purposes are; what we shall do, if nothing impedes our doing it. Imperfect success may bring results of real value; but we shall only know our own mind if we assume our success to be complete.

In the event supposed, Germany will (it can hardly be doubted) lose Alsace and Lorraine; Germany and Austria will lose those parts of Poland which have hitherto been subject to them; the foreign territory invaded by our enemies will revert to its original status; Russia will win Armenia, also Constantinople and the land adjoining that city up to Adrianople, and also the suzerainty over Poland. It can hardly be doubted that Italy will win the Italian Tyrol and Trieste; and it will seem natural that Bosnia and Herzegovina shall cease to be Austrian and become part of a greater Serbia, as also that to this greater Serbia the seaport of Cattaro shall be attached. In consideration of this extension of Serbia, it is probable that Bulgaria might be allowed to resume that borderland which, though now under Serbia, has a Bulgarian population.

What of ourselves? We could not, without giving deep offence to our own colonies, contemplate the retrocession to Germany of South-west Africa, or of that part of New Guinea which before the war was under Germany, or of the adjacent islands, or of Samoa.

The results which I have just been enumerating are

almost inevitable, if the victory of ourselves and of our Allies be complete. But they are results which cannot be accepted by Germany, Austria, and Turkey without humiliation; and now comes the question how far we wish that humiliation to be pressed. To be humiliated, is an experience which has belonged some time or other to every nation of Europe; and there has, generally, been something salutary in the effects of it; but if we wish the countries of the world to be united in a permanently peaceful bond, we must not allow that humiliation to be an enduring memory. Bearing this in our mind, let us consider each of our foes in turn.

The Turks are, in some simple ways, an excellent people; honest, brave, and of great dignity; but they cannot conceive of government except by military methods; that a government should accept the will of its subjects is an idea foreign to their character. As a governing race they are a danger to the world; they ought to be treated, like all Mohammedans, with consideration and respect; but they ought not to govern; and now is the time for their government practically to cease.

The Germans, during the last half-century, have allowed the military aspect of government to grow upon them in a lamentable degree, and herein has lain the cause of the present war; but the spirit of warfare, though present in them, is not deeply engraved. In so far as it has been the result of pride and ambition, it is to be hoped that the issue of the present war will correct it in them. But fear has also been a potent influence in producing it; if they no longer fear their neighbors, they will cease to be warlike. The same is true of Austria; and the peaceable achievements of both Germany and Austria have been so numerous and so striking that we may trust if they are not too deeply wounded in their self-esteem now, they will fall into the general line of European progress without resentment against other countries. Whether the Hohenzollerns should be permitted any longer to rule in Germany is a question to which perhaps I need not give a determinate answer. But the main key to the solution of the situation lies, I think, in the committal of the greater part of Asiatic Turkey to the supervision of Germany and Austria. Not, however, Syria; that ought to be under the superintendence of France, as Egypt is under that of Great Britain. But if Germany and Austria have the task of restoring Asia Minor and Mesopotamia to their ancient prosperity, they will have their hands full of peaceable occupations, and such as eminently need effective supervision. To enable them to administer such supervision one or more harbors on the Mediterranean coast ought to be reserved to them.

The fortifications on the Dardanelles and on the Bosphorus ought to be destroyed, and never to be rebuilt.

Then, I confess, I think that the dependencies of Germany in Africa, with the exception of German South-west Africa, ought to be restored to her as they were before the war. The Germans may not be the best governors of colonies; but they are surely as good as the Belgians; and they will improve, as all Christian nations improve, with time.

Lastly, there is one measure which, if it were adopted immediately after the war, would serve the cause of peace unspeakably. Let representatives of all nations meet at The Hague, and obtain information as to what great engineering works in the interests of peaceful progress are needed in the world; let these works be assigned to those firms which hitherto have been the chief constructors of guns and other implements of war; and let it be forbidden henceforth to any private person or private company to construct weapons of war. In this way a great inducement to war, influencing the minds of powerful private persons, will be removed.

I have tried to suggest a way of peace, which shall consist in diverting the minds of men to their true interests rather than to false ones; and this, surely, is the Christian method.—Yours, &c.

J. R. MOZLEY.

Headingley. September 17th, 1916.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am at a loss to understand why Mr. Lowes Dickinson should quarrel with my proposal that Germany be disarmed.

"If any nation refuses the international way," he says himself, "that is a good reason for treating such a nation as an enemy of civilization." What need have we of further witness?

Can Mr. Dickinson deny that this is exactly what Germany has done, both by her attitude at the Hague Conventions and by her deliberate refusal either to accept or suggest any means of solving the crisis of July, 1914, by international action?

Had he taken the trouble to read my letter before criticizing it, Mr. Dickinson would have seen that I advocate disarming not only as a thing just and beneficial—not in the least vindictive—in itself, but as a necessary preliminary to our own acceptance of an established system of international law backed by international sanction.

German armaments and the savagely arrogant spirit which directed them, have been and are the main obstacles to the attainment of permanent peace. Simple equity demands that the nations which, for their own ends, wilfully broke the peace, shall not be allowed to expend resources needed to make good their devastations in preparing for fresh wars. When reparation is completed so far as money can make it—perhaps before then—we may hope that the lesson will have been learnt, and that they will be ready to co-operate in upholding the world's peace.

Happily, the interests of this supreme issue do not rest in the hands of the little clique of publicists who, in this time of deep emotion, stupendous sacrifice, and wondrous deliverance from undreamt-of peril, seem to be chiefly busied in palliating crime, trying to shield the criminals, and pretending to a monopoly in certain moral platitudes.

Mr. Dickinson's cynical suggestion that the next thought of the Allied nations will be to seek the help of Germany against each other hardly merits notice. The comradeship of this war has drawn four of the Great Powers of Europe together in a "union of hearts," which I am persuaded will not fail to solve even the colossal difficulties of the post-war settlement. Only faith and goodwill are needed to attain great ends which three years ago seemed unattainable.

But Mr. Dickinson's letter will not help.—Yours, &c.,

OSWALD EARP.

Ecke, Birchington. September 20th, 1916.

THE NATIONAL MISSION AND CATHOLICITY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—At the recent Wesleyan Methodist Conference I moved a resolution recommending that our Church should set apart one of the winter months to follow the example of the Anglican Mission. Your article of August 26th raises issues which at this moment seem somewhat unnecessary. This is not the time to discuss disputed points, nor to stand on our dignity after the sympathetic message of the Archbishop of Canterbury to the Wesleyan Conference. If England, as represented by its Established Church, is willing to adopt the penitential attitude, are Nonconformists to stand aloof from this attempt to call our nation to repentance for our sins of luxury and selfishness from which the need to defend small nations and the sanctity of treaties aroused us two years ago? Your correspondent quotes, with manifest approval, Harnack's remark that "The whole essence of Catholicism consists in the canonization of tradition, that is in the arrest of movement." But why should we accept Harnack as our teacher? We may be pardoned for preferring even arrest of movement to the tendency of those Prussian pastors, who sat at Harnack's feet and renounced the humility of true Catholicism for the spirit of aggrandizement, which they canonize in the manifesto with which they replied to the leaders of English religious life.

Amid the roar of the guns the common needs of wounded and dying have again and again obliterated the barriers which separate Christians at home. Let me record one instance: A dying Roman Catholic soldier called on a Nonconformist minister to hear his confession. "But," replied the minister, "I am not a priest of your Church. None the less, I shall be glad to hear your confession, if I can help you." As the man finished his confession a Roman chaplain arrived. The minister explained what he had done, and added: "Will you hear his confession?" "No," said the priest; "if he has confessed to you I am content. I will give him absolution." This was real Catholicism on the part of each, recognizing the Catholic truth that we are members one of another. It is twenty-four years since the parish church of a little Swiss valley witnessed the gathering

together of Bishop Perowne, Hugh Price Hughes, Athelstan Riley, Charles Berry, Dean Fremantle, Sir Percy Bunting, Dean Pigou, C. F. Aked, Dean Lefroy, Père Hyacinthe Theodore Monod, and others. These men met to urge upon the churches the need that each of them had for the others, but their appeal seemed at the time to do little. This, however, was not the case. *E pur si muove*. In the closing years of the last epoch, the Archbishop of Canterbury took part in the great Edinburgh Missionary Conference, presided over by a Methodist layman, J. R. Mott. In a few years the United and Free Presbyterian Churches have achieved reunion, and similar movements have occurred in Methodism in Canada and Australia. Baron von Hügel, that great Roman Catholic Philosopher, in his work on the "Mystical element of religion as studied in the life of St. Catherine of Genoa," asserts that there are three elements in religion, the institutional or Petrine, the speculative or Pauline, and the experimental mystic or Johannine. These he affirms to be the necessary elements of religion among all nations and in each succeeding step of human history.

In the co-ordination of the forces of these three schools of thought, and not in Harnack's false definition, is to be found the Catholicity which looks backward with penitence to its failures and divisions, and forward with hope to its united attack upon the forces of evil. A few weeks ago I was invited to join a private conference on "Retreats," held at the House of Resurrection, Mirfield. My subject was the extension of retreats among laymen. It was a great privilege to hear these Fathers from Mirfield, Cowley, Clewer, and Cuddesdon speaking with passionate earnestness of the things that the National Mission might accomplish for England. These men at Mirfield, following the example of all great religious leaders from St. Paul and St. Francis to George Fox and John Wesley with the message "Christ and the Church need you," are calling men to the heroic in spiritual affairs. The Church of England is moving against our common foes with great earnestness. Shall Nonconformists tarry in their camp?

Cavour was once asked why he did not content himself with some more modest aim than the freeing of Italy, such as the reformation of Naples. He replied: "No man will die for the reform of Naples. Men will die for the unity of Italy." If the Church of England demands the heroic from its members it must succeed, for on such a demand the heroic will be born in a day. Let us of other communions not be envious of its success, not quibble over our own ecclesiastical dignity, but rather strive to emulate the example the Church has set.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY S. LUNN.

Switzerland, September 2nd, 1916.

MR. RUSSELL AND TRINITY COLLEGE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I wonder if you will grant me the benefit of your columns to correct a misunderstanding which I cannot well undertake by private letters?

Every journalist knows how slippery a vehicle an interview is, not always through the fault of the interviewer. I find that a certain interview with me, which was published in varying forms in several American papers, has left on some people the impression that I not only defended the dismissal of Mr. Bertrand Russell from his post at Trinity, but even made a number of inaccurate statements in order to justify it.

The facts were, to the best of my remembrance, these: I found one day a young man waiting in my room in New York, who showed me a slip of newspaper, and asked my opinion of it. It proved to be a statement that the British Government had dismissed Professor Russell from his Chair in Cambridge University. I said at once that this was obviously incorrect. Mr. Russell was not a Professor in Cambridge; he was a Lecturer in Trinity College. The Government could not possibly have dismissed him from his post; he could only be dismissed by the Governing Body of Trinity. Further, I did not think it credible that the Governing Body could have so dismissed him. I knew his post was a special one, made for some period of years and renewable at the end of the period; and I could only imagine that the appointment had fallen in and the authorities had declined to renew it. I then had some conversation with my visitor, of which he reproduced the general tenor very

fairly, though, perhaps owing to my lack of clearness and his own unfamiliarity with the subject discussed, many details were inexact.

I greatly hope that some other academic post may be found in which Mr. Russell's great intellectual gifts may be used to advantage and his political heresies, comparatively speaking, neutralized. For if there is any place where opinions, supposed to be pernicious, can be aired with comparative safety and exposed to the full blast of intelligent criticism, that place is surely one of the great seats of learning.

I cannot, of course, express a definite opinion upon the action of the authorities at Trinity, a body which bears a very high reputation in other universities, since I know nothing of their side of the case or the reasons that influenced them. But my first impression on hearing of the course they had taken was to treat the story as incredible.—Yours, &c.,

GILBERT MURRAY.

September 20th, 1916.

THE CASE OF GILBERT CANNAN.

To the Editor of THE NATION

SIR,—It is possibly only a minority of persons that is interested in Mr. Cannan's private adventures. The major part of his letter of last week is of little concern to anyone save himself.

When, however, he states that "spiritual impulse . . . is crushed in those who fight with their bodies by military discipline" the bland egotism and presumption of such a conclusion drives me to wonder what Mr. Cannan has been doing during the last two years, where he has spent his time, and whether his absorption in his own spiritual adventures has allowed him the freedom to observe the records of others.

His happy assurance of his own spiritual excellence should not lead him so readily to deny all spiritual impulse to those who, most unfortunately no doubt, have opinions different from his own.

To anyone who recalls for a moment the histories of such men as Julian Grenfell or Hugh Dawnay, to name only two of a multitude of heroes, the arrogant limitations of Mr. Cannan's statement are sufficiently apparent.—Yours, &c.,

HUGH WALPOLE.

Garriek Club, W.C. September 14th, 1916.

THE HISTORY OF THE ENTENTE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have been reading your articles on the subject founded on M. Lanessan's book. Surely, he cannot have omitted from his history the Anglo-French Treaty of 1860? I think it is clear that the modern history of the Entente dates from that great Treaty. Indeed, I am inclined to think that was the first time when the phrase, "Entente Cordiale" was used in connection with the relations between ourselves and France.

At the risk of repeating what may be known to some of your readers, I quote the following words from a letter addressed by Richard Cobden to Michael Chevalier on September 14th, 1859. The letter appeared in a privately-printed memorial volume prepared by French Free Traders, and published in 1865, after the death of Cobden. The passage reads as follows:—

"I should be glad to see a removal of the impediments which our foolish legislation interposes to the intercourse between the two countries. I see no other hope but in such a policy for any permanent improvement in the political relations of France and England. I utterly despair of finding peace and harmony in the efforts of the Governments and diplomatists. The people of the two nations must be brought into mutual dependence by the supply of each other's wants. There is no other way of counteracting the antagonism of language and race. It is God's own method of producing an *entente cordiale*, and no other plan is worth a farthing. It is with this view that I hope to see our Government greatly reduce the duties on wines and other French products. And it is only with this view that I feel any interest about your following our example. If I thought I could promote a similar spirit in the minds of any of your statesmen, I should be very glad to have an interview with them."

Surely, these words should be remembered at the present time, when both England and France, and, indeed, Europe, are considering the proposals of the Paris Conference. It is

nearly sixty years since Cobden wrote those words. If they were true of the relations between nations then, they are surely true to-day. If we wish for economic peace, if we wish to avoid retaliation and revenge, wise statesmen will remember them, not only in reference to our Allies and our friends the neutrals in Europe and America, but also in arranging terms throughout Europe.—Yours, &c.,

T. FISHER UNWIN.

3, Adelphi Terrace, Strand. September 20th, 1916.

TWO VIEWS OF EDUCATION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—You were good enough last week to insert a letter of mine on the education question. I now take the liberty of sending you the enclosed cutting from the German paper "Der Tag," in the hope that through your columns it may be read by some of our nerveless officials, and reactionary local education authorities, who have been closing schools and wrecking technical teaching.

"Whereas we Germans can proudly point to the fact that the expenditure on the education of our children has been fully maintained during the war at its former level, and in Prussia and elsewhere has even, for certain objects, been increased, the money-making and so-called democratic England finds it necessary to cut down her education bill to the lowest limit. . . . We can only rejoice in the fact that our enemies are discouraging the education and instruction of the great masses of the people. By the fact alone that British children are deprived of education we shall have a great victory over England, for after the war, more than ever before, will knowledge and education, organization and adaptability on the part of all classes of the population, assure victory in the economic struggle."—Yours, &c.,

C. R. ASHBEE.

Campden, Gloucestershire. September 18th, 1916.

THE BROTHERS NEMIROVITCH-DANTCHENKO.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In the issue of THE NATION of August 12th one of your reviewers, writing on two books of Russian stories, defines the author of one of them, V. I. Nemirovitch-Dantchenko, as "the famous war correspondent."

Your reviewer seemingly has been deceived by the coincidence of the initials of the two brothers Nemirovitch-Dantchenko, one of which, Vassili Ivanovitch, is the famous war correspondent, while the other Vladimir Ivanovitch is a well-known Russian playwright (author also of the volume of stories reviewed in the article above mentioned, with a diploma), and founder of the famous Moscow Art Theatre, managing director of which he still is.—Yours, &c.,

M. LYKIARDOPULOS

(Secretary of the Moscow Art Theatre).

14, Neglinny Pr., Moscow.

Poetry.

LOVELY DAMES.

Few are my books, but my small few have told
Of many a lovely dame that lived of old;
And they have made me see those fatal charms
Of Helen, which brought Troy so many harms;
And lovely Venus, when she stood so white
Close to her husband's forge in its red light.
I have seen Dian's beauty in my dreams,
When she had trained her looks in all the streams
She crossed to Latmos and Endymion;
And Cleopatra's eyes, that hour they shone
The brighter for a pearl she drank to prove
How poor it was compared to her rich love:
But when I look on thee, love, thou dost give
Substance to those fine ghosts, and make them live.

W. H. DAVIES.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The French Revolution." By Louis Madelin. Edited by Fr. Funck-Brentano. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "The National Being: Some Thoughts on an Irish Polity." By A. E. (Maunsell. 4s. 6d. net.)
 "Belgium." Illustrated by Frank Brangwyn, text by Hugh Stokes. (Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "The Collected Poems of James Elroy Flecker." Edited by J. C. Squire. (Secker. 7s. 6d. net.)

A YEAR or so ago I picked up for a couple of shillings "a fine tall copy" (to use the jargon of the booksellers) of "Camden's Remaines" (1637). I bought it because it was cheap, in excellent condition, and as a libation to the goddess Bibliophila. But to read? What, with books as numerous as munitions and life as short as the twinkling of an eye! No, it was the piety of the collector, not the voracity of the reader that disburdened my purse. Then, a few weeks ago, I took it out to have a look at it, much in the spirit of the late Pierpont Morgan handling a fifteenth-century German commentary of the Apocrypha, clothed like a phoenix. And lo! here was Harmsworth's Encyclopædia of Knowledge, except that it did not happen to be a Tinned Tabernacle for the Acolyte of Business Results. It contains such a variety of exciting material (Languages, Names, Surnames, Allusions, Epigrammes, Armories, Monies, Emprises—i.e., Mottoes, Apparels, Artillerie, Wise Speeches, Proverbs, Poesies, and Epitaphs are a few of the chapter headings) that I can only indulge the learned author's posterity up to a certain point.

As an index of the professorial mind, in the days when even Spenser and Sidney despised the "jigging veins of rhyming mother-wits" and caught the classical epidemic of quantitative metres, the following is interesting enough:—"Will you have Platoes veine? Reade Sir Tho. Smith. the Ionicke? Sir Thomas Moore. Cicero's? Ascham Varro? Chaucer. Demosthenes? Sir John Cheeke (the Rhetorician). Will you reade Virgil? Take the Earle of Surrey. Catullus? Shakespeare. Ovid? Daniel. Lucan, Martial? Spenser, Sir John Davies, and others. Will you have all in all for prose and verse? Take the miracle of our age, Sir Philip Sidney." Can you see our etymological professors, our thanes of Beowulf, saying the same for Sturge Moore, W. H. Davies, Hodgson, Flecker, Housman, De La Mare, and others?

I PASS on to the "Wise Speeches." They are not so profound and intelligible as they might be, partly because a good many are in Latin, partly because they chiefly emanate from Royalties. I confess myself to be "over-gulled with self-liking" to admire more than a few of them. This has a universal flavor:—"There was a poor blinde man in Warwickshire, that was accounted very cunning in prognosticating of weather; upon a day Empson, a great lawyer, as he rood that way, said in scorne of his cunning, 'I pray you tell me, father, when doth the Sunne change?' The chafed old man that knew his corrupt conscience, answered: 'When lawyers go to heaven.'" Religion:—"A Fryer, as he was preaching in the country, espied a poor wife of the parish, whispering with her pew-fellow, and he, falling angry thereat, cryed out unto her aloud: 'Hold thy gabble, I bid thee, thou wife in the red hood'; which, when the housewife heard, she waxed as angry, and sodainely she started up and cryed unto the Fryer again, that all the church rang thereon: 'Marry, sir, I beshrew his heart that babbleth most of us both, for I doe but whisper a word with my neighbour here, and thou hast babbled there a good longe houre.'" One of Heywood's apophthegms (whether John, Jasper, or Thomas, I do not know—but probably John, the epigrammatist, many of whose quiddities Gabriel Harvey declares to be Sir Thomas More's):—"When a man of worship, whose beere was better hopped than maulted (i.e., adulterated), asked him at his table how he liked of his beere, and whether it were well hopped: 'Yes, by the faith of my body (quoth he), it is very well hopped; but if it had hopped a little further, it had hopped into the water'"

THE chapter on Proverbs is of the utmost value, because so many of them have been left to die by our cityfied speech. Here are a few of the choicest that have so perished:—"A close mouth catches no flies" (which, I think, occurs in Heywood's "Proverbs"—1562); "After meat, mustard"; "Age and wedlocke tames man and beast"; "A shrew profitable may serve a man reasonable"; "A man will be a man though he hath but a hose on his head"; "As fit as a pudding for a Fryer's mouth"; "An ill cooke cannot licke his own fingers"; "Bare walls make giddy housewives"; "Better a louse in the pot than no flesh at all"; "Can Jack-an-Ape be merry when his dog is at his heele?"; "Essex stiles, Kentish miles, Norfolk wiles many men beguiles"; "He that hath but a little, he shall have lesse, and he that hath right nought, right nought shall possesse"; "He hath neede of a long spoone that should eate with the divill" (which, I fancy, just survives); "He that striketh with the sword, shall be beaten with the scabberd"; "He that will not be ruled by his owne dame, must be ruled by his step-dame"; "Jacke would be a gentleman if he could speake French"; "It is better kisse a knave than to be troubled by him"; "It is hard to wive and thrive both in a yeare"; "Many speake of Robin Hood that never shot in his bow"; "Might overcometh right"; "No penny, no Pater Noster"; "Old men and far travellers may lye by authority"; "The cat would eat fish and would not wet her feet" (probably a shortened fable like "A cat's-paw," and quoted as an "adage" in "Macbeth"); "They that be in hell ween there is no other heaven"; "There's more maids than Maukin"; "Who medleth in all things may shoe the goslings"; "Who so bold as blinde Bayard." Are they not the very gestures of a people's life?

HAPPILY, a goodly number of the "Epitaphes" are in the vernacular. A beautiful one on Prince Henry (by Daniel):—

"Within this marble casket lies
A matchless jewel of rich prize,
Whom Nature, in the world's didaine,
But shewd, and then put up againe."

Not unlike Wordsworth's "This child unto myself will take." Camden does not include Ben Jonson's noble epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke:—

"Here beneath this sable hearse,
Lies the subject of all verse,"

and so on. But he does not forget the wonderful brevity of Sir Henry Wotton's on the wife of Sir Albert Morton:—

"He first deeces'd—She for a little tri'd
To live without him; lik'd it not, and di'd,"

though he does not mention either author or subject, or the exquisite lines of Raleigh and Chidick Tichborne, on the night before their execution in the Tower, which appear in Wotton's "Reliquiæ Wottonianæ."

One of John Hoskins's:—

"Here lyeth John Cruker, a maker of bellows,
His craftes-master and king of good-fellows;
Yet, when it came to the houre of his death,
He that made bellows, could not make breath."

Another (and how apt!) on a usurer:—

"Here lyes ten in the hundred,
In the ground fast ram'd:
'Tis an hundred to ten
But his soul is damn'd."

One on "A Puritanical Locksmith":—

"A zealous locksmith dyed of late,
And did arrive at heaven's gate.
He stood without and would not knocke,
Because he meant to picke the locke."

A pleasant doggrel quatrain on Thomas Churchyard the poet:—

"Come, Alecto and lend me thy torch,
To find a Church-yard in the Church-porch.
Poverty and poetry this tombe doth enclose,
Therefore, gentlemen, be merry in prose."

And, lastly, surely the briefest epitaph on record—that on Burbidge, the tragedian:—

"Exit Burbidge."

It is the old spirit rejuvenated of Lucian who brings in Diogenes "laughing and out laughing" King Mausolus, "for that hee was so pitifully pressed and crushed with an huge heape of stones under his stately monument Mausoleum." Not so Camden, even though he thought it rather plebeian to write in English. Let me commend him "to such indifferent, courteous, modest readers, as doe not think basely of the former ages, their country, and countrimen."

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Reviews.

JAMES FLECKER.

"The Collected Poems of James Elroy Flecker." Edited by J. C. SQUIRE. (Secker. 7s. 6d. net.)

It is impossible to estimate Flecker's poetic method, his isolation from his contemporaries, and the very strong sense of tradition which inspired him throughout, without quoting as fully as space will allow, his preface to "The Golden Journey to Samarkand":—

"The Parnassian school was a classical reaction against the perverted sentimentality and extravagance of some French romantics. The Romantics in France, as in England, had done their powerful work, and infinitely widened the scope and enriched the language of poetry. It remained for the Parnassians to raise the technique of their art to a height which should enable them to express the subtlest ideas in powerful and simple verse. But the real meaning of the term Parnassian may be best understood from considering what is definitely not Parnassian. To be didactic, like Wordsworth, to write dull poems of unwieldy length, to bury, like Tennyson or Browning, poetry of exquisite beauty in monstrous realms of vulgar, feeble, or obscure versifying, to overlay fine work with gross and irrelevant egoism like Victor Hugo, would be abhorrent, and rightly so, to members of this school. On the other hand, the finest work of many great English poets, especially Milton, Keats, Matthew Arnold, and Tennyson, is written in the same tradition as the work of the great French school, and one can but wish that the two latter poets had had something of a definite theory to guide them in self-criticism."

And again:—

"At the present moment there can be no doubt that English poetry stands in need of some such saving doctrine to redeem it from the formlessness and the didactic tendencies which are now in fashion. As for English criticism, can it not learn from the Parnassian, or any tolerable theory of poetic art, to examine the beauty and not 'the message' of poetry?"

Lastly, he declares the "Golden Journey" to have been written "with the sole intention of creating beauty."

Now that we are in possession of a collected edition of Flecker's poetic achievement, equipped with taste and distinction by the publisher and admirably edited with a restrained and judicious introduction by Mr. Squire, that preface assumes a value as relevant to Flecker's work, and its reaction from the modern poetic orientation as was the preface to the "Lyrical Ballads" to the purposes of Wordsworth and Coleridge. Even though Flecker died of consumption before he had passed thirty, a considerable body of verse (some 250 small quarto pages) remains to us. And, except for the last few pages (the poems are arranged more or less chronologically), which convey the rather fragmentary, confused, and over-colored impression natural to a poet fighting vainly against disease, one clearly perceives a sure, unfaltering development of rhythmic power founded upon a theory of poetic art, both natural to Flecker's temperamental approach to literature and indispensable to the quality of his genius. Let us make no mistake about that word "theory." Mr. Squire, though his few critical opinions about Flecker are as sound and suggestive as one has a right to expect from an editor, is a little afraid of it. He insists that Flecker runs nothing to death, in preoccupations either of structure or detail. True enough; but we must remember that Flecker does not theorize out of the air. He is simply defining and materializing his own poetic impulse. Flecker did not beat out a suit of armor, and then squeeze himself painfully into it. His poetry and the theoretic expression of its poetic principle stand in the relation of parent and child. The one exists independent and self-contained; the other, created out of it, is its natural and inevitable advocate. It is important to make this point, to separate his poetry from didactic prepossessions in the first place, and, in the second to distinguish it as an implicit return to traditional forms and defiance of a poetic literature violently sundered from them.

It is not our business here to discuss Flecker's contemporaries, but the significance of his critical declaration bears pertinently upon the steady confidence of his pilgrimage to poetic maturity and its contrast with the vacillations of his brother-poets. Leaving out of account all standards of qualitative values, is it not remarkable how even the most

acknowledged of our modern young poets will write one brilliant volume, and thenceforward live on its harvest? We do not mean materially, of course, but in the sense that their aftermath is a constant effort to write up to the crest of that earlier volume. They try to realize, gather up, and sustain the sudden impetuosity of that first rapture. Rupert Brooke is one example among many. Brooke's poetic discovery was instantaneous. He leaped straight into an eminence he deserved. But thereafter he steadily declined. The reason of that decline is not far to seek. His development was equivalent to and concurrent with a growth in self-consciousness. The impersonal quality, the objective reality of his vision, was gradually narrowed and obscured, was gradually replaced by a particular consciousness usurping and dominating the universal. Just this stress upon a self-conscious expression transformed him from an inspired into a talented poet. Now the interesting thing is that with Flecker the process was in precisely the other direction. In spite of the profuseness of the imagery and the facility of the diction, his "Juvenilia" are rather trivial, mannered, highly conventional, and rigidly obedient to the models of Tennyson, Francis Thompson, Swinburne, Flaubert, Baudelaire, the Parnassians, and others. But as obviously these early poems are *in statu pupillari*—the cautious experiments of a poet feeling his way out of the density, opaqueness, and ambiguities of an uncertain aspiration for beauty into the clear, open, Grecian daylight—with its confined horizons, its definite outlines, its bold and unmisted coloring and its concrete appeal—that he loved. It is a psychological excitement to read the poems and to mark "the growth of the poet's mind" to the superb technical accomplishment it ultimately reached. Here, in a precise and candid light, are the chain of fortresses the poet girds himself to subdue; here we observe the elimination of incidentals and inessentials, and of the self-conscious accretions which impede his poetic freedom; the substitution of concrete for abstract phraseology, the increasing fastidiousness in choice of expression, the expansion of material boundaries to contain a stronger and swifter apprehension of his abstract conception of beauty, and finally his realization of and identity with the objective vision which was peculiarly his own, and towards which he advanced with "what labor and what pain."

It will not be inappropriate to clear ourselves here of a possible confusion. Flecker's treatment and workmanship are plainly classic—his feeling and selection of material as obviously romantic. Flecker is not really a Grecian any more than was Keats (whom he resembles in imaginative feeling—as in the simile of the ship bursting into leaf—as well as in their mutual delight in the fine phrase). The Greeks were only classical to themselves; to the Christian eras they have been invariably romantic, and Flecker not only draws as copiously upon Oriental and medieval sources, but the Greeks have a two-fold appeal for him—romantic in their distance, strangeness, and contrast from the chaos, distractions, and immediate contacts of modern life ("devotion to something afar from the sphere of our sorrow" exactly expresses it), and classical only as a model for the lucidity and directness of his technical method. Flecker, in fact, points a very useful moral for the future of our literature. That future must be romantic in the psychological and metaphysical sense, because it will have to take account of the tremendous spiritual implications which the death of materialistic science is setting us hotfoot to discover. As certainly its form will have to be classical—in the meaning that it must be closely contained and enveloped in a structure corresponding to and adequate to it. The co-existence of the two is, in short, not only possible but indispensable. So with Flecker. The one is a complement of the other. Indeed, Flecker's perception of poetic reality, though, of course, it fluctuated, advancing and receding before his gaze in his early works, precedes his embodiment of it in appropriate form. His inspiration is both extended and intensified in his progress, but the history of that progress is primarily a struggle to chisel out its anatomy and, by mastering the problems of poetic skill, to give it a clear objective entity. He was, one might say, a traditionalist from birth, and his artistic purpose throughout was to manifest that sense of tradition through a capricious to an inevitable shape.

That is the right way to work, but we have not yet tried to formulate wherein Flecker's poetic quality lies. The

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poetic quality, that is to say, of his finest work—of "Mary Magdalen" (with its tenderness that is so rare in his verse), "The War-Song of the Saracens" (with its astonishingly flexible versification), "The Masque of the Magi" (with the still decorative beauty of an early Italian painting), "The Ballad of Iskander" (his high-watermark and whose subtlety of rhythm and elfin magic and witchery make it, if we except Mr. De La Mare's "The Listeners," the only modern, if younger, brother of "The Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel"), "The Golden Journey to Samarkand" (with its quite ravishing melody), "Gates of Damascus" (with its Eastern but finely directed opulence of imagery), and, say, a dozen others. We are so pressed for space that we cannot quote more than a couple of stanzas of "The Ballad of Iskander" as an illustration partly of his romantic love of sounding names, partly of the delicate perfection of his music:—

"In twenty days the silver ship
Had passed the isle of Serendip,
And made the flat Araunian coasts,
Inhabited, at noon, by Ghosts.

"In thirty days the ship was far
Beyond the land of Calcoibar,
Where men drink Dead Men's blood for wine,
And dye their beards alizarine."

But the poem should be read in full.

Flecker's poetry is not, indeed, of the bravest, most translunary kind. That is partly due to a deliberate confinement. He set out to conquer a certain poetic terrain, and he conquered it. More he neither achieved nor intended. Some of his verse is cold, remote, and decorative—a jewel throwing out steely points of light, a casket encrusted with "refined" and "splendid gold." It possesses not a sculpturesque but a wrought and hammered effect, as though he worked not with stone or marble but with metals. He had a wonderful sense of color, but radically we think he is the poet of Isis and not of Helios, as Mr. Squire claims. But the chief absence we note is that of mystical passion and exploration. There you have the defect of his sense of beauty—as an end in itself rather than as a means to an end. Beauty is not, after all, an enclosed garden, but a horizon in which the normal and the perceptible melt into the impalpable, the transcendent, and the divine—not the spirit, but the garment of the spirit. No beauty, without the intuition of the immortal spirit, can achieve the final consummation—the universal absorption in God. And no poetry which is not electrified by contact with the first causes, the abstract truth and reality of things, can be anything but secondary. The highest poetry only uses forms as substances and representations of Form. It must be symbolic and conscious of its spiritual origin. For all that, it is a unique pleasure to read a poet like Flecker, so well fluted, so mellow, so rounded, so masterful and secure, and of such inestimable benefit to a modern literature dubious of itself and without formulated principles.

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Certainly it was a failure. The greatest epics are tragical. But for the men engaged, from the leader down to the Indian muleteer, there was no dishonor there, but only the sorrowful glory of great deeds thwarted by fortune, or by far-off authorities deaf to the sounding appeals. As Mr. Masefield writes:—

"Later, when there was leisure, I began to consider the Dardanelles Campaign, not as a tragedy, nor as a mistake, but as a great human effort, which came, more than once, very near to triumph, achieved the impossible many times, and failed, in the end, as many great deeds have failed, from something which had nothing to do with arms nor with the men who bore them. That the effort failed is not against it; much that is most splendid in military history failed; many great things and noble men have failed."

To himself, the author says, this failure is the second grand event of the war, the first being Belgium's answer to the German ultimatum. From the vulgarity which so readily adapts itself to a new philosophy of successful violence, with what relief we discover such words! It needed a poet to write like this, and it needed something of a poet also to see this splendid episode as a whole—not to be led away (as one might so easily be led away) by personal memories or the crowding details of events, statistics, and minute information. Mr. Masefield writes in the large, as epics and tragedies should be written. He keeps his power of description for the big events, and in the Dardanelles they were three—the departure from Mudros, the battles of the landing (three separate battles), and the battle roughly called "Suvla" (also three, and also, unhappily, separate). Suvla was the climax, or the turning point of the drama. The remainder was but a fifth act, drooping slowly into the mournful pathos of departure from trenches, graves, and scenes that our memories will always cling to.

As a good writer, the author hurries over the end, perhaps hardly enough realizing our accumulating anxiety as the sun set day after day for the last fortnight at Suvla and Anzac. For the last three nights it seemed incredible that the enemy should not detect our going, and, with his heavy guns, pound into a bloody chaos the men, horses, guns and stores with which the little piers and beaches were crammed. A calm sea, a glimmering moon, willing discipline, and an organization brought to perfection by the Staff at both places, alone averted the ghastliest disaster in all our history. Tragic though the occasion was, even the evacuation must be counted to England's honor. As to the foul calumny which we who were there have constantly heard since our return, Mr. Masefield deals with it in the only way, though one may just remark that it was not German agents alone who spread the libel:—

"German agents, eager to discredit those whom they could not defeat, have said 'that we bribed the Turks to let us go'; next year, perhaps, they will say that the Turks bribed us to go; the year after that, perhaps, they will invent something equally false, and even sillier. But, putting aside the foulness and the folly of this bribery lie, it is interesting to inquire how it happened that the Turks did not attack our men while they were embarking."

Either they knew we were going, or they did not, and Mr. Masefield is right in concluding they did not. Late in the last afternoon I watched the Turks digging for dear life, throwing up earth from their trenches, as though preparing against a new attack, so clever had our ruses been, so carefully had our men obeyed the ironic command in "Orders" to maintain their habit of showing themselves as much as possible upon the sky-line. Next morning, when the last man had gone, I watched the Turks bombarding our empty trenches, our empty beaches and battery-positions, for some hours with the usual violence that was new every morning, like the love of God. There was not the smallest doubt they were utterly deceived.

This is hardly even a point of controversy; but, indeed, Mr. Masefield takes little notice of the controversies which will rage round this campaign as long as the war is remembered. He treats it, as we said, in the large, as a glorious exploit that failed:—

"In this campaign," he writes, "we were to taste, and be upon the brink of, victory in every battle, yet have the prize dashed from us by some failure elsewhere each time."

I think his nearest approach to taking sides in controversy is his statement as to "the most tragical thing in all that tragical campaign"—the alleged shelling of our own men by our own guns, when the summit of Chunuk Bair was actually still held by handfuls of our troops at dawn on

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August 9th (the fatal day). From the first it was a disputed point—most violently disputed, as was natural, by the Navy. In his great dispatch describing the Suvla battles (published January 7th, 1916), Sir Ian Hamilton simply says, "instead of Baldwin's support came suddenly a salvo of heavy shell." That salvo may have come from the ships, but it is a common illusion under shell-fire to suppose that the enemy's shells come from one's own side. A week or two later I was present at the great assault upon Scimitar Hill, and heard the illusion frequently repeated, without the smallest grounds. Yet Mr. Masefield is definite:—

"Whatever the cause, whether accident, fate, mistake, or the daily waste and confusion of battle, our own guns searched the hill-top for some minutes too long, and thinned out our brave handful with a terrible fire."

On the main and essential point of controversy there is much less room for doubt. I should myself say that the cause of failure lay not so much in sending no reinforcements as in sending reinforcements which were "no earthly," to use the soldier's phrase. But Mr. Masefield is, on the whole, justified in writing:—

"Here (at Helles, June 28th) for the first time in the operations, we felt what all our soldiers had expected, that want of fresh men in reserve to make a sweep final, which afterwards lost us the campaign."

"It is a vital question. The cry for 'fifty thousand more men and plenty of high explosives,' went up daily from every trench in Gallipoli, and we lost the campaign through not sending them in time."

And, writing of the evacuation, he says:—

"Had others (not of their profession), many hundreds of miles away, but been as they, as generous, as wise, as far-seeing, as full of sacrifice, these thinned companies, with the looks of pain in their faces and the mud of the hills thick upon their bodies, would have given thanks in Santa Sophia three months before."

The book has a few insignificant errors: On page 82, "Enboea" should be Imbros, or some other land in sight from Helles, which Enboea is not; on page 107, the farm "at the foot of Chunuk" is certainly at the foot of the precipice, but about half-way up the height—an important point; on p. 135, to describe the low, round Chocolate Hill (like a reversed basin) as "double-peaked" is rather misleading; on page 139, "Royal Dublin Fusiliers" should, I think, be Royal Irish Fusiliers; and on page 32, in describing the delay at Mudros, mention should be made of the shameful disorder in the packing of the transports at Alexandria, by which three invaluable weeks were thrown away at the very start.

Such errors are not to be noticed in the grandeur and simplicity of the whole design. A true splendor shines in such passages as the departure from Mudros, the landings at V Beach and at Anzac (in those days unnamed!), and the supreme contests for Lone Pine and Sari Bair. The whole is, as we said, the work of a poet, and a poet knows the value of brevity and form. But it is also the work of a man who has known reality, and bravely confronted it in many threatening shapes

H. W. N.

A PARLIAMENTARY BARRISTER.

"Forty Years at the Bar." By J. H. BALFOUR BROWNE, K.C., LL.D., D.L., &c. (Jenkins. 12s. 6d. net.)

We may all have heard of the Parliamentary Bar, but it might puzzle most of us to say precisely either what it is or how it works. Parliament obviously has something to do with it; and it is mixed up with such grandiose undertakings as railways, electrical works, docks, gasworks, and water supply; to say nothing of flies and sewage. It all seems a variety entertainment of the most mysterious sort and on the very largest scale.

This Bar is vaguely regarded as a gold-mine for a certain number of fortunate practitioners. Perhaps it is one; but the nuggets are not exactly plentiful. The business of the Parliamentary Bar not improbably involves the waste—at all events, the very extravagant expenditure—of enormous sums of money in any normal year; and, often threatened, it is almost certainly destined to very drastic reforms. But it would be scarcely fair to suggest that the

learned gentlemen who practise there pick their money up. Take such a passage as the following, on what the Parliamentary counsel ought to know:—

"The Parliamentary counsel ought to know everything, to be able to deal with the various witnesses who come before committees, for in one day one may be dealing with sulphur compounds in gas, the proper voltage of electricity for house illumination or tramway traction, the right allowance to be made to a running railway company which is exercising running powers, the right way to measure the rainfall of a district, and a dozen different matters; and in each of these he has to meet witnesses who are experts in the particular matter under discussion."

When the scientific parties are having their lively "turns" in the "show," the counsel who is slow in the uptake will have the wantonness taken out of him in no time. Happy often is the examiner with a quick sense of humor. Mr. Balfour Browne had a lady in the box who seemed to be making ready her umbrella as an argument. "Madam," he said promptly, "I will not cross-examine you. You have an umbrella."

Mr. Browne's book will appeal to two classes: a professional class and a non-professional. Men at the Parliamentary Bar, or men who will be going there (if the institution survives the war), are not likely to miss anything about its procedure; and the general reader will relish a number of good stories on their merits. There are capital stories of certain Bar dinners. When an eminent barrister retires from practice, his friends of the profession invite him to a banquet, in the first place to show that they appreciate his going, and, in the second, to make it impossible for him to return. There may be other motives, but these apparently are the ones that count. Mr. Pember, proposing a toast at a feast of this kind, "said he had often been puzzled why Divorce and Admiralty should have been associated in one Division of the High Court until he remembered that Venus rose from the sea."

Some of the jokes are a little too technical for the common people. It was Merryweather, a wit not above sacrificing an argument to a pun, who, asked by a chairman of committee whether he were going to the Derby, replied: "No, my lord; I will be in a Grand *locus standi* case tomorrow. It is a question of running powers." Merryweather, travelling to town by the Great Western, was bored by a timid but communicative curate. At Ealing the curate said:—

"How nice Hanwell looks from the train." Merryweather put on his fiercest look, and said, "You have no idea how nice the train looks from Hanwell." That ended the conversation.

The late Laureate seems to have had a rare talent for creating laughter at his own expense.

"On one occasion at Grand Dinner day, the Poet Laureate, Alfred Austin, was among the guests, and sat beside Lord Young. When they were seated at table above the dais, Lord Young said to the small man, 'You'll be a lawyer, like all the rest?' 'No,' said Sir Alfred, 'I am a poet.' 'A poet? Do ye make a living by it?' 'Yes,' said the Laureate, 'I keep the wolf from the door.' 'What, by reading your poems to him?'"

On another occasion he was even more tartly answered.

"He was describing how in Switzerland, on one of the passes, he had found two ladies in some footsore distress, and how he assisted them. When they came to the inn he left them, but very soon they sought him out with grateful enthusiasm, and told him they had no idea that he was the great Sir Alfred Austin. 'And were you?' asked the gentleman to whom he was telling the story."

To a little joke concerning Browning no admirer objects, for the poet himself delighted in them. A client of a country bookseller asked for a copy of the works.

"We don't keep him," answered the shopman, "no one understands Browning." "Have you Præd?" asked the customer. "That would be no good," replied the shopman, who saw the futility of intercession.

Mr. Lush (the Mr. Justice Lush of this day) was examining and trampling on a dubious financial witness, who presently turned on him. "Remember, Mr. Lush, we're not at the Old Bailey." "I don't know why we're not," retorted Lush.

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tradition is obvious. Upon one occasion this legend was being mentioned, and someone said, 'If that is so, how do you account for the fact that cocks mostly crow about three or four o'clock in the morning?' 'That'—and the answer is ascribed, I do not know whether correctly or not, to Mr. Chamberlain—is owing to the fact that at that hour the morning papers are being published.'

Once and once only did Mr. Balfour Browne himself go to law. Never of his own will, he says, will he go again. "If I have learned anything in the Courts it is not to go to law." One other thing, at least, he has learned there, and that is the art of never spoiling a good story!

MR. GEORGE MOORE'S NOVEL.

"The Brook Kerith." By GEORGE MOORE. (Werner Laurie. 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS apparently is Mr. Moore's epitaph as a novelist, and in more ways than one it reflects the end rather than the beginning of a journey. For one thing, it is possessed of a serenity practically unique in an author who, avowedly only casting for the suffrages of educated and critical opinion, has never been sure of obtaining them. For Mr. Moore's egoism is certainly not of the kind which is content to be a prisoner within the four walls of impenetrable complacency. He is of the introspective egoists who achieve a deal of splendor and paltriness in their own estimation. Indeed, that curious, urchin-like flippancy, which leads Mr. Moore not infrequently to build mud-pies, is, in part, a half-conscious expression not only of contempt for his critics but for his self-equipment as an artist. And the absence of this Flibbertigibbet element (a hobgoblinish spirit who goes rather further than just turning the milk sour) in "The Brook Kerith" is a tribute to his resolve not to play unseemly pranks with a serious work of art. It is said that when Mr. Moore travelled Palestine as a prologue to his novel, the only topographical curiosity he displayed was at the place where the woman was taken in adultery. Which was more in the way of playing the part and pulling a long finger at solemn tradition than anything else. At any rate, "The Brook Kerith" has very few such interludes. In the third place, this valedictory novel is a genuine effort to treat the gospels from the point of view of investigating religious truth. Not a few people hold that Mr. Moore, when he approaches Christianity, is like the legendary undergraduate who used to shave with the leaves of his Bible. But these critics take the formal attitude, and Mr. Moore quite rightly refuses to be judged by it.

For all that, "The Brook Kerith" is liable to pretty severe strictures both as a coherent philosophy and as a coherent work of art. It opens with the childhood of Joseph of Arimathea in a continuous, level, unrelieved narrative of his father, Dan, and his fishery business, schooldays, learning Greek and Hebrew, playing truant and attending a cock-fight, and finally making an expedition to Jericho to inquire into the tenets of the Essene settlement (the non-resisters of that period). Mr. Moore is no doubt after two things in this early portion—Joseph's restless, inquisitive temperament and the "atmosphere" of Judæa under the Roman occupation and in the period of Judaic factionousness and decay. If so, he goes a singularly laboriously way about it. It is the old "slice of life" fallacy. From the Essenes, Joseph, his pursuit of "prophets" still insatiate, sets out to the Jordan, and after the humors of a boatman, who appears to converse in the Somerset dialect, incontinent (we are glad of that), meets Jesus. The next quarter of the book is devoted to a study of Jesus and the Apostles. Here Mr. Moore, though well-braced, and at his most detached, applies the narrowest interpretation to their quality. Jesus, a most unimpressive figure, is little more than a rhetorical magician, not personally ambitious, but with the smallest constructive aim or spiritual meaning. Mr. Moore must, to some extent, have been conscious of this, and at the same time anxious to avoid the obvious error of divesting Jesus of at any rate a symbolic beauty and mystery. For he makes the fastidious Joseph an immediate captive of his personality, and does his utmost to persuade us of the Messiah's mystical dreams and remoteness from the brawling disciples—mere turbulent zanies. But he does not succeed, and Jesus remains a dubious, insub-

stantial figure, a hesitant Messiah, moving almost mechanically to an appointed destiny and without even the fiery impulse of the fanatic towards truth.

Joseph leaves Jesus to attend to his sick father, and there follow by indirect methods the pilgrimage to Jerusalem and the Crucifixion. Joseph learns of these events through the mouth of Nicodemus—the one piece of living characterization (if we except the very adroit but slighter picture of Pilate, the official happily engrossed in his routine) in the book. Nicodemus is charming throughout—a palpable Sinn Feiner, passionately, impetuously, vigorously identifying Jesus as the O'Connor of Home Rule for Judæa. There is a fine artistic dexterity—more, subtlety in associating the last phase of Jesus's mission with the aspirations of Nicodemus, and it tightens the reins of a shambling narrative and introduces the happiest contrast with the philosophic cast of Joseph's temper. Then comes Joseph's rescue of Jesus from the cross, and his devoted nursing of him back to health in one of the Essene settlements. Thereafter Mr. Moore is concerned more nearly with the metaphysic of Christianity. Jesus recovers and becomes the shepherd of the Essenes, no more troubled with missions, ideals, self-sacrifice, and spiritual agonies. And from a chance remark of Jesus, we learn of Joseph's death in Jerusalem at the hands of the Jewish zealots. We are not sure that this almost casual reference is not the finest thing of a book very patchy and uncertain in its emotional appeal. Joseph's death is conveyed to us with a really noble dignity, reticence, and pathetic suggestion.

Jesus's memory returns in full force by witnessing the crucifixion of three robbers. And, from it, he definitely repudiates both the esoteric and the divine significance of his Messiahship. He was induced, he declares, to assume his spiritual sovereignty by reading the Book of Daniel; his propaganda was a sin, a blasphemy, an unpardonable usurpation of a spiritual inheritance common to all mankind, and hardly to be expiated by a life of solitude and meditation on the hills. And upon this subdued, quietistic, resigned, and self-humiliated Jesus breaks Paul, the virile, confident, masterful doctrinaire, preaching the salvation of man by the Resurrection. A profoundly ironical and dramatic situation, which Mr. Moore, recognizing, has used before. Had Paul and Jesus been more vitally realized, a situation of extraordinary potency. Paul avoids the utter dissolution of his doctrines (as he well might) by treating Jesus as a madman, and in the last few pages we see Jesus conducting Paul to Caesarea, the one disclaiming his divine origin and teaching, the other lending his ear to the vapors of a Galilean shepherd in diabolist possession.

Certainly there are possibilities in an audacious adventure like this, especially as Mr. Moore by no means treats his book merely in the spirit of adventure. But there is no real philosophic grasp or perception behind the meeting of Paul and Jesus. Jesus's retraction casts him out from our interest, even had his vague theorizings as to God in everything been original or satisfying or relevant to his former mission, or an excuse for abandoning it—which they are not. And we feel, too, that Paul is partly right. On the hypothesis that Jesus was not the Son of God, on the hypothesis that he never even existed, the value of the legend as a symbol of the self-dedication of the creative imagination to the cause of God, of humanity, of posterity, of art, of the immortality of the soul, of what you will, and of its ultimate triumph over matter is incalculable. And thus, Paul loses something of his position in an ironical setting, and Jesus is of inadequate impressiveness either as a person or an oracle to counteract it. After all, it is not the divine, but the revolutionary Jesus who suffers at Mr. Moore's hands. His heresy is moral as well as theological, poetic as well as religious. He makes, for instance, a great deal too much of the inconsistencies of the Gospel narratives. Jesus, while an Essene shepherd, exclaims against the violence of such sentiments as "I come not to bring peace, but a sword." Surely the meaning is that who is converted to his teaching will, to put it colloquially, have an extremely bad time in the world. And this artistic error of dispossessing Jesus, not of his divinity, but of his moral and imaginative symbolism, damages the book. But a worse fault is Mr. Moore's artistic method. The complete tonelessness of his style, apparently deliberate, makes large areas of his narrative (many of them superfluous in them-



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selves) terribly dull reading. So varied, picturesque, and exciting a landscape surely demands a corresponding light and movement in interpreting it. And, *qua* style, it is full of defects—defects of clumsiness, circumlocution, and opaqueness. We quote a random sentence:—"A very good guessing of his father's wants and thoughts was that of Joseph while riding from Tiberias." An abominable awkwardness. No, Mr. Moore's last novel, in spite of its acute interest and ability, is not only hardly his best, but, so far as modern psychology and philosophic attitude to the Gospels, are concerned—thirty years behind the times.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"The Birds of Shakespeare." By Sir ARCHIBALD GEIKIE. (Maclehose. 3s. 6d. net.)

"Or the making of books there is no end," said Ecclesiastes, a prophet with a mournful eye to the twentieth century. At any rate, Sir Archibald Geikie's book, pleasant enough in its way, hardly stops a gap in the study of Shakespeare from the point of view either of original exploration or literary interest. His contribution to the subject does not extend much further than cataloguing the different varieties of birds mentioned by Shakespeare and bridging the little chasms between quotations. Indeed, no real literary effort is needed for such a theme—it would have been quite enough to have made an alphabetical glossary, with a corresponding and exhaustive list of the references in the plays and poems. Shakespeare is remarkable, not for a scientific knowledge of birds and their habits (he and Milton have both been taken to task over their picturesque fallacies about the nightingale) which would have justified a book on the subject, but for his poetic use of the "feathered tribes" common enough to every great poet. He derived a good deal of accessible information from the bestiaries and herbals (Topsell for the one, Gerarde for the other, were practically Elizabethan handbooks):—

"Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
O, how I would they had changed voices too!"

Otherwise he does not get much further than the eagle as a "feathered king," the cock, to quote Sir Archibald, as "a recognized chronometer of the morning hours," and the goose as "a recognized symbol of human stupidity." Falconry is in a different category. All the Elizabethans had a sound technical knowledge of a recreation as universally regarded as bear-baiting and play-going.

* * *

"Little Miss Grouch." By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS. (Murray. 2s. 6d. net.)

"LITTLE MISS GROUCH" is "a narrative based upon the private log of Alexander Forsyth Smith's maiden transatlantic voyage." The narrative is of the arch and roguish character, and consists of Smith's Arcadian skirmishes with Cecily Mayne, an heiress with an income and possibilities which would have put the Jew of Malta to shame. It is a book impossible to be described. It must be read in order to be understood. Here is a passage:—

"'Why the musing melancholy?' she murmured. 'I'm coming out of Fairyland into the Realm of Realities,' he explained. 'And I don't believe in realities any more.' 'I'm a Reality,' she averred. 'No.' He shook his head. 'You're a figment. I made you up in a burst of creative genius. 'Just like that? Right out of your head?' 'Out of my heart,' he corrected. 'Then why not have moulded

me nearer to the heart's desire?' she queried cunningly. 'Do you still think I'm homely?' He shut his eyes firmly. 'I do.' 'And cross?' 'A regular virago.' 'And ugly and mesey and an idiot—' 'Hold on! You're double-crossing the indictment. I'm the offended idiot,' declared the Tyro, opening his eyes upon her."

Upon a corner-stone of such raillery and "badinage" "Little Miss Grouch" is built. And on sound anticipations. There are undoubtedly moments, minutes, hours, when quite a large number of people fall into a way of thinking about absolutely nothing. Those are the receptive moments for the ambitious author to seize.

The Week in the City.

THE NATIONAL DEBT.

A WHITE PAPER (No. 122) issued on Tuesday shows the fluctuations in the National Debt since 1875. On April 1st, 1914, the aggregate gross liabilities were £707,654,110, the lowest figure since 1901, when the total was £703,934,349. During the year 1914-15 the increase in liabilities was £458,147,592, bringing the total on April 1st, 1915, to £1,165,801,702, the interest and management of which absorbed no less than £59,809,101. On April 1st, 1916, the total had risen to £2,197,439,245, or an increase in 1915-16 of £1,031,637,543. Since then the sale of Exchequer Bonds and War Savings Certificates and other debt created under War Loan Act have added £233,266,000, while the increase since April 1st, in the outstanding Treasury Bills amounts to £396,495,000. With these additions the total liabilities at the present time thus amount to £2,827,200,000. The sale of short-term securities last week showed an improvement. Exchequer Bonds rose to £3,009,000, as against £2,518,000 in the previous week; expenditure certificates from £388,300 to £456,200, savings certificates from £1,500,000 to £1,700,000, and Treasury Bills from £29,429,000 to £29,529,000.

JOHN BROWN & Co.

Owing to "exceptional circumstances" the report of John Brown & Co., the Sheffield armament firm, has appeared nearly three months later than usual. Profits show a slight decline as compared with the previous year's results, but this is more apparent than real, for this year profits are struck after making allowance for two years' war taxation. The gross profits amount to £553,000, as against £586,200 in the previous year, and after deducting debenture interest and adding the amount brought forward, the balance available for distribution is £613,200, as compared with £618,400. The reserve fund for contingencies is credited with £150,000, the appropriations last year being £75,000 for the reserve fund and £100,000 for reduction of capital expenditure. The dividend on the Five per Cent. Preference shares absorbs £87,500, while a dividend of 12½ per cent. on the Ordinary shares, the same as for the previous year, takes £227,875, leaving £147,800 to be carried forward, or £20,000 more than was brought in. The report points out that while all departments at Sheffield and Clydebank have been well employed, the collieries have suffered from shortage of labor, and that the advances in wages which have been made, together with the high prices of materials, have greatly increased the cost of production.

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